In this week's CENTERFOLD:

An opera lover pursues his obsession

PHOENIX

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Dining Center report issued

by Rick Aschieris

An administration review committee has instructed Professional Food-Service Management (PFM) to prevent Dining Center employees from working while sick.

Under the existing PFM substitution policy, employees who are ill are required to find their own replacements. The committee has recommended that PFM change its policy.

Former PFM student workers said that their supervisors got angry when no substitutes could be found, according to the committee's report.

Consequently, said the employees, they worked sick because they feared being fired.

The committee recommended that "the technique of frightening student employees in order to discourage malingering should not be used."

The complete Dining Center report is reprinted on Page 7, Column 1.

The committee report said that PFM's management "should make it clear that students are not permitted to work when they are ill with an infectious disease."

Ben Baptiste, environmental health and safety officer, was chairman of the committee.

Baptiste said the committee could not recommend a specific substitute system because "this was a health committee and not a management systems committee. The substitute system (PFM uses) is a decision of management – but it is a problem."

Bob Severson, PFM's regional manager, said, "Despite what the students said (to the committee) I still can't believe employees were made to work sick.

"In the new employee packet we are going to stress the importance of not working while sick."

Bob Lisberger, PFM's manager at SF State, resigned last week. Severson said he will oversee the operations until a new manager is chosen.

PFM's assistant manager on campus, Sandra Weeks, has also resigned from her job because "she decided food services were not for her," Severson said.

A new manager will be chosen by Monday "and will take over operations in three to four weeks," Severson said.

Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, said she formed the review committee after reading a March 9 *Phoenix* story about health code violations in the Dining Center, which has been operated by PFM since 1975.

The *Phoenix* article reported that several health code violations were discovered at the Dining Center by a city Health Department inspector. Students also related experiences in the article that they had while working for PFM.

The violations included mouse traps left unset, unclean soda dispensing units, hamburger meat and baked goods uncovered inside the walk-in refrigerator, and spilled "rodent accumulation" in the dry food storage

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The number two man looks back

"The foundation of the strike was laid during this period. Demands were being made. And right in the midst of this, Summerskill left. He got on a plane and flew to Ethiopia."

Photos by Gary Cameron

"Bob Smith called a meeting with the attorney general, representatives of the Police Department, and the FBI. We knew what was going to happen in the fall."

by Dick Thompson

Provost Donald L. Garrity has been the numbe; two administrator at SF State for 12 years. As vice president of academic affairs he has helped guide three new presidents into their roles. Occassionally, he has assumed the duties of the president when the top administrator was gone.

Two weeks ago he announced his resignation so he could accept the presidency at Central Washington University in Ellensburg.

In a series of interviews, Garrity recalled the campus's most turbulent times. What follows, in Garrity's own words, is a look at how administrative structures function in times of stress. He begins in 1966.

* * *

(SF State President) John Summerskill was a very charming man. And he was totally unprepared to handle the presidency of this institution, and this institution at those times. He just didn't have adminstrative savvy. He suffered from a common need of people like us when you get a job like this: He wanted to be liked.

He was quite open to agreeing with whomever. So he had the problem of vacillating and making contradictory decisions. He would say yes to this group and say yes to an opposing group.

This was the period when we were having the first substantial peace marches. It was the period of the militant rhetoric of the black student union, which was born on this campus. The minority groups were being given a considerable hearing and catered to in a variety of ways.

We had a march on the Administration Building. The building was locked. It was probably a mistake but we didn't have any way of protecting things.

We had information that there would be an effort to destroy the records. That had happened in draft offices. It had happened at the University of Toronto.

Inside the building there was a feeling of considerable concern. There was some real measure of bewilderment.

We got over that naive bewilderment very rapidly. We learned a lot about the mixture of students' motivations and concerns. And they weren't monolithic.

The foundation of the strike was laid during this period. Demands were being made. Some windows were broken in the old bookstore. All the hallways were filled with people.

And right in the midst of this, Summerskill left. He got on a plane and flew to Ethiopia.

Bob Smith (an education professor) was chosen president (May, 1968). He had been at the university a long time. He was well respected by the faculty, a senior statesman of the campus. He had a good deal of administrative experience and thus came into the presidency quite comfortably.

Of course it was an extraordinarily difficult situation. It was shocking not only to us, but to the community and the state.

We were receiving a great deal of attention from the press. The chancellor and the Board of Trustees were extremely upset.

By that time we had learned a lot about gathering information through a network of people who were concerned with the institution. So we had a pretty good idea of what was happening and what might happen at the institution.

Bob Smith called a meeting downtown with the attorney general, representatives of the San Francisco Police Department, the FBI and legal representatives from the chancellor's office. We knew what was going to happen in the fall.

We knew then, at the end of May, that a date had been chosen to create a confrontation. Most of the groups involved wanted to effectively stop the institution, to bring it down. And if they could do it with SF State it would be a signal victory.

At the conclusion of the meeting we were told by everyone who was there that our information was accurate. We were told "Good luck and we hope you can handle it successfully." And we said, "What are you talking about, where are you." The only group that did not abandon us was the police department.

This was brand new to us. We had to go through it by trial and error. The object at that time was to avoid confrontation and to protect the lives and property of the community.

Then there was the infamous speech of George Murray in which he was alleged to have ordered people to bring guns to campus. He was a graduate student and part-time teacher in the English Department.

The chancellor and Trustees insisted he be suspended. In our opinion, we felt that was not legal and was foolish. So Bob Smith refused to suspend him.

Just before November 6 we received a telegram ordering his suspension. That was the date we had learned – back in the spring – was to be the time of the confrontation.

We were trying to control the budding acts of vandalism. The media was all over. The reaction of Governor

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Record IR budget proposed

by Chuck E. Burwell II

A record quarter-of-a-million dollar instructionally-related (IR) activities budget was sent Monday to SF State President Paul F. Romberg for approval.

The budget amount is about $90,000 more than the allotment for 1976-77 – the last year IR programs were fully funded.

IR activities include intercollegiate sports, forensics, the model United Nations, certain creative arts and ethnic studies programs, and campus literary publications.

An IR expenditure of $222,273 was recommended by SF State's IR Fee Committee, which was established by a task force from the office of CSUC Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke. The committee was conceived to remove the responsibility of funding IR activities from student governments.

SF State's Associated Students refused to pay for IR activities during the 1977-78 year. Romberg later refused to sign the AS budget, and the AS remained largely inactive until last month.

Under the new IR funding plan, the activities will be financed by a $4.65 fee that will be added to student registration costs next semester.

SF State's IR Fee Committee was made up of four students, two faculty members and two administrators.

The committee met in a marathon six-hour session last week, working with funding requests from the dean of each school involved with IR activities. Its recommendations were forwarded to Provost Donald Garrity, who passed them on to Romberg.

All disciplines received tentative increases over 1976-77, with the largest share – about $102,000 – going to the Athletic Department. Last year, the department operated on $65,450.

Robin Lynn Cox, IR committee member and AS vice president, attributed the increase for athletics to higher insurance costs and the addition of women's sports and dance classes to the realm of IR activities.

IR funding will increase from $133,772 in 1976-77 to $222,273 for 1978-79 if the committee's recommendations are approved. If the proposed budget gets Romberg's OK, they will go to Dumke for ultimate approval by May.

The figure of $4.65 was determined by first compiling the total budget, and then breaking down the cost per student.

Cox said it is possible that the final fee may be reduced if portions of the budget are deleted.

One of the controversial items in the budget is the funding of KSFS, the campus radio station, and the Television Center (TVC). Cox said that there could be administration opposition to these expenditures because both have traditionally been funded in part by the AS.

Another budget item that may come under fire is the $7,700 proposed for a third campus newspaper to be published by the Journalism Department. The publication – tentatively called the *Campus Phoenix* – was approved over some objection by AS members.

The removal of IR responsibility from student government will result in substantial savings for the AS, which receives $10 in activity fees from each student each semester.

Cox said the extra money will be allocated as always – in the spring AS budget hearings. The only immediate change was a pay raise for AS employees, she said.

Five is enough in Howdy's camper

by L.A. Craig

At a time when most people are looking for ways to beat inflation, 28-year-old Howdy Taylor has found one.

"If you're into alternative lifestyles," he says, "try living in a cab-over-camper with a woman, two kids and a love-starved, 180-pound German police dog. Man, you can kiss your poker parties goodbye."

Howdy, his wife Linda Cordova, 8-year-old Monica, infant Christina and canine Skyler moved into their camper last year so they could afford to make payments on 15 acres of secluded woodland in Sonoma County.

"We were paying four bills a month for a rented house," says Howdy, an aircraft mechanic and part-time college student. "That's crazy.

"By applying that and what we paid for utilities, we'll have enough to build one of those pre-fab Lincoln Log houses by next year."

The camper – one of those long, deluxe jobs with a kitchen, bathroom, dining nook and sleeping space for two-and-a-half – is parked near the water at Crown State Beach in Alameda.

Seated in the nook, Howdy and Linda give the finer points of mobile American living.

"We have some conveniences," says Linda. "Our television and cassette deck run off batteries. The baby sleeps with Howdy and me up over the cab and Monica sleeps here on the seat cushions. It's a little cramped sometimes, but we get by."

Howdy says, "It just takes getting used to. Like that movie *Papillon* when Steve McQueen gets five years in solitary. Hell, he got used to it."

"Yeah," adds Linda. "After all his hair fell out. Anyway, you still bash your head in getting out of bed in the morning."

Howdy runs his hand over the bumps on his forehead.

"It's still nice to crash where you park," he says. "That is, if you find someplace that's cool. Some people really get bent when you park in front of their house and start cooking supper.

"We used to park in the employee's lot at Oakland Airport. It was convenient all right, especially since we only get four miles to the gallon. But it was impossible to get any sleep with jets cruising around all night long."

Howdy gets up and with one step he is next to the tiny refrigerator under the sink. He offers some wine.

"I wish I had a beer for you. I like it better myself, but we don't have room to store those aluminum empties, so I drink wine," he says.

And he pours himself a big slug.

There are more drawbacks to living

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

Photo by Carole Chudwick

Howdy Taylor, Linda Cordova, their children (Monica and Christina) and dog Skyler in their cramped camper.

Shepard Insel

Another dean quits

by Ken Garcia

Shepard A. Insel has resigned as SF State's dean of continuing education in order to resume his teaching duties in the Psychology Department.

His resignation will become effective on Sept. 1, 1978.

In a letter to President Paul F. Romberg, Insel said that "I have always looked upon administration as a temporary assignment with an eventual return to teaching and research."

Insel has been dean of continuing education since 1968. He came to SF State in 1954 and has been in administrative posts since 1957.

Contacted in Maryland, where he is on leave working for the National Cancer Institute, Insel said, "This year has enabled me to gain some much needed perspective about my career plans. I realized that it was time to get back in touch with my students.

"It just seemed like the right time for me to make the break and return to my first love – psychology," he said.

Peter Dewees, acting dean, will continue in Insel's place until a permanent successor is named, Romberg said.

"I feel a great sense of loss. Shep has been very, very good to me," said Dewees.

Romberg said, "I respect Dr. Insel's decision to resign and return to teaching. Under his leadership, continuing education at SF State has made great advances."

Insel's resignation is the third departure in as many weeks by a high-ranking administrator. Earlier, Leo V. Young, dean of Humanities and Provost Donald Garrity left their posts.

Mankiewicz looks at TV

by Dick Thompson

When Frank Mankiewicz was directing George McGovern's presidential campaign in 1972, he sent a team of pollsters to Southern California to uncover the fears of the voters there.

They found that the major concern for two percent of the people in Los Angeles was not the war in Vietnam or rising inflation or concern over foreign policy. Two percent said their greatest fear was of having to live underground.

"We didn't find that anywhere else in America," said Mankiewicz. "So we checked and found that one independent television channel had played a rerun of a Ray Bradbury movie, the theme of which was that pollution had forced people to move underground. And two percent took that and made it the major fear in their lives."

Mankiewicz has dealt with the relationship of the media and government since his days as press secretary to Senator Robert Kennedy. He is now president of National Public Radio.

His fourth book, *Remote Control: Television and the Manipulation of American Life,* has just been published.

Last Friday he addressed a meeting of the Commonwealth Club of California in San Francisco and outlined the impact of television viewing on government.

"There are more American homes without indoor plumbing than without television," said Mankiewicz.

Fifty percent of American adults get all their news from television, and 75 percent get the majority of their news from TV, he said.

"People who watch only television news tend to get their views of society increasingly skewed. Then they act on those beliefs. And it affects where they live, how they live and, ultimately, how they vote.

"So you see how people are making up their minds. It's not enough to see what Walter Cronkite is talking about, you've got to see what Laverne and Shirley are talking about too, and what the Fonz has to say. That is where the perceptions of America are largely grounded."

Mankiewicz questioned whether viewers understand the difference between television's fantasy and reality.

"The whole economic underpinning of television is based on the opposite conclusion that indeed we will model ourselves on what we see. The whole bottom line of television says you will be influenced by what you see and that you will act like those people in the commercials. Then you are supposed to understand, very clearly, that the next 10 or 12 minutes which follows is pure fantasy."

Mankiewicz said many Americans are beginning to see the blurring of the line between fantasy and reality.

"People see television doctors perform exotic tests on their patients. They take them to hospitals which seem to have no other patients. And within one hour the patients are cured, their emotional problems are solved, a business partnership is saved, all with time out for commercials and a preview of next week's illness."

But Mankiewicz thinks the greatest impact of commercial television is on the news, and beyond that on political campaigns.

He said there are two iron laws of television news. The first is that the trivial will always drive out the serious. The second is that nighttime fire footage will always be on the program.

Frank Mankiewicz, media critic. Photo by Ray Balter

"In the McGovern campaign of '72," he said, "we thought of putting out some feelers to see if there was such a thing as a 'campaign arsonist.' We'd have him torch some building around six o'clock, cameras would come and we'd put the senator up in front of the building for a statement."

Even then, Mankiewicz said, the candidate would have to give his message in a minute and 15 seconds.

In addition to the problems of time limitations, networks create the news by the placement of their cameras, he said. He likened the situation to the sound a tree makes when it falls in a forest.

"Where there are no cameras, wars can go on for months without anyone knowing about it," Mankiewicz said. "And the cameras of the major networks are in Washington, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. The economics of it are such that film taken in those areas will get on because people are already getting paid to take that film. It has very little to do with news value."

He said time and camera location made the 1976 presidential race the first "pure television campaign" in history. Mankiewicz said both candidates realized all they had to do was fashion images for the evening news, and that anything that could not be said in a minute and 45 seconds had best not be said.

"And half the people who voted got all their information about the candidates and the state of the country from television," he said.

Plus/minus makes the grade

by Marty Ludwig

To give students a clearer picture of where they stand scholastically, SF State will enact plus-minus grading next spring.

The new policy originated with the Academic Senate's Policy Committee. The committee felt that the system, which will cost an initial $14,000 for computer reprogramming, will allow teachers to make finer discriminations within each grade category.

The new grading system will use the following grade point equivalents: A=4.0, A-minus=3.7, B-plus=3.3, B=3.0, B-minus=2.7, C-plus=2.3, C=2.0, C-minus=1.7, D-plus=1.3, D=1.0, D-minus=.7.

"We're all concerned about the current system's inability to do justice to student performance," said Julian Randolph, a foreign language professor and chairman of the committee.

"You might have a student who is just scraping by at a C level and another person who is almost performing at a B level. There is no clear way of indicating to them where they are in relation to the class or to the instructor's expectations," Randolph said.

Grade appeals are another senate concern. With the new system, the number of student grade appeals is expected to decline. The committee thinks that a student would be satisfied with a B-plus when a B would be unacceptable.

The senate began discussing the plus-minus issue two years ago, after the Chancellor's office approved use of the system.

The senate's proposal was approved by SF State President Paul F. Romberg last spring. But the approval came after this year's budget was completed, canceling any chance of implementing the system this semester.

The only CSUC campus now using plus-minus grading is Cal State Chico which made the switch three semesters ago. A first-year analysis there revealed a small downward shift in overall grade point averages.

Students at SF State seem supportive of plus-minus grading.

"It will give me a better idea of where I stand in terms of my grade point average," said Doris Lee, a freshman business major.

Andris Sinats, a freshman, said the system will clear up the problem of "borderline cases."

Dave Morton, a junior business major, said "it should result in less grade inflation. Ultimately, if it is used effectively it will be a good feature."

Bakke fighters turn to armbands

by Jeff Kaye

Anti-Bakke decision banners hung on the wall in front of SF State's Student Union yesterday as members of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB) gave out red armbands to anyone who would take them.

Karen Edwards, an RCYB member, said the purpose of distributing armbands was to "make Bakke a real issue on campus. A lot of people don't know what side they're on."

Allan Bakke was rejected by the UC Davis Medical School in 1973 and 1974. He charged he was a victim of reverse discrimination because he is white. Bakke won his case before the California Supreme Court and it is now on appeal before the U.S. Supreme Court.

"We're giving out armbands at Stanford, Berkeley, and San Jose State, and in Chinatown and East Oakland," Edwards said. She added that armbands were being given out in cities across the country such as Houston, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

Two speakers, one from the RCYB and one from the African Liberation Support Committee, spoke at SF State's noon rally. Both speakers energetically called for an end to racism, but few of the people passing by stopped to listen.

"I'm just eating ice cream," said a student sitting on the grass in front of the Student Union. "I was in Berkeley during the Vietnam War demonstrations," she said. "This doesn't have that kind of immediacy. It's just not the same."

Other students sitting near the speakers said they didn't know there was going to be a rally and would have been on the lawn anyway.

"We didn't expect many people at the rally," Edwards said. "We didn't have too much money to promote it."

She said that just about all of their 750 armbands were given out, however.

Two from SF State get Fulbright grants

by Lisa Brewer

Two SF State faculty members have been awarded Fulbright Grants for the 1978-79 academic year.

William H. Issel, professor of urban studies and history, will teach American studies at the American Studies Resource Center at Polytechnic of Central London.

Bernard Liebes, chairman of the Journalism Department, will teach mass communications at the University of West Indies in Jamaica.

The grants were awarded under the government directed Mutual Educational and Cultural Exchange Program, which is designed to enhance cultural understanding between the United States and other countries.

Issel, a teacher at SF State for nine years, said he'll be directing conferences on American politics and culture, training British secondary and college teachers in American subjects and holding graduate seminars in the Urban Planning School.

Issel received bachelor's and master's degrees from SF State in history. He received a doctorate in American studies from the University of Pennsylvania.

"The American Studies Resource Center is one of three centers set up in Britain to disseminate information about America," said Issel. "Exhibits and speakers will be hooked up with the conferences. It is in the center of London and will be accessible to thousands of people."

Liebes, who has worked at SF State for the past 12 years, will help start a student newspaper at the University of West Indies. The school is located in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica.

"I will be working with journalists from Caribbean nations who have taken a year off for special training," said Liebes. "I may also be working with undergraduates, but I'm not quite sure what my exact involvement will be."

Liebes received his bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of Missouri. He earned his master's degree in communications at Stanford University.

Howdy's life in the slow lane

Continued from Page 1

in a camper than just the close quarters, though.

Howdy gets his mail at a friend's house because his application for a post office box was turned down.

"I couldn't get them to believe my address is C49 221," he says.

"The worst thing that's happened, though, is when my dog split," Howdy said. "I guess he just couldn't hack it any more. He jumped out near some research hospital in Oakland. After a couple of weeks, I figured they had his head sewed on a pig or something.

"When we finally did get him back, he was sick. Made a hell of a mess for awhile, but he's OK now. Aren't ya, Sky?"

Just then the dog cuts loose with a yelp. Little Monica has accidentally stepped on his tail.

"Go out and play," Linda says with a note of impatience.

"I don't want to," says Monica defiantly.

"Go on," Linda shouts, "or when we get up north, I'll feed you to the Yeti."

Monica finally goes outside, but not without the last word.

"What a bummer," she says. "Who the hell can skate on sand?"

"I guess all this is pretty hard on her," Linda says. "It's hard on all of us. God help us when the downers are gone."

But it takes more than a prescription to get this family through its claustrophobic trials. It takes love and a mutual desire for the better times that they all know are ahead – even Sky.

"We don't dare fight," Howdy says. "I think if we ever got started, we'd kill each other. We're all in this thing together. We've come too far to blow it now.

"Hell, we'll be out of here in eight or nine more months. We can make it. At least I hope we can."

He looks around in bewilderment.

"I never thought about it until you started asking all these stupid fucking questions."

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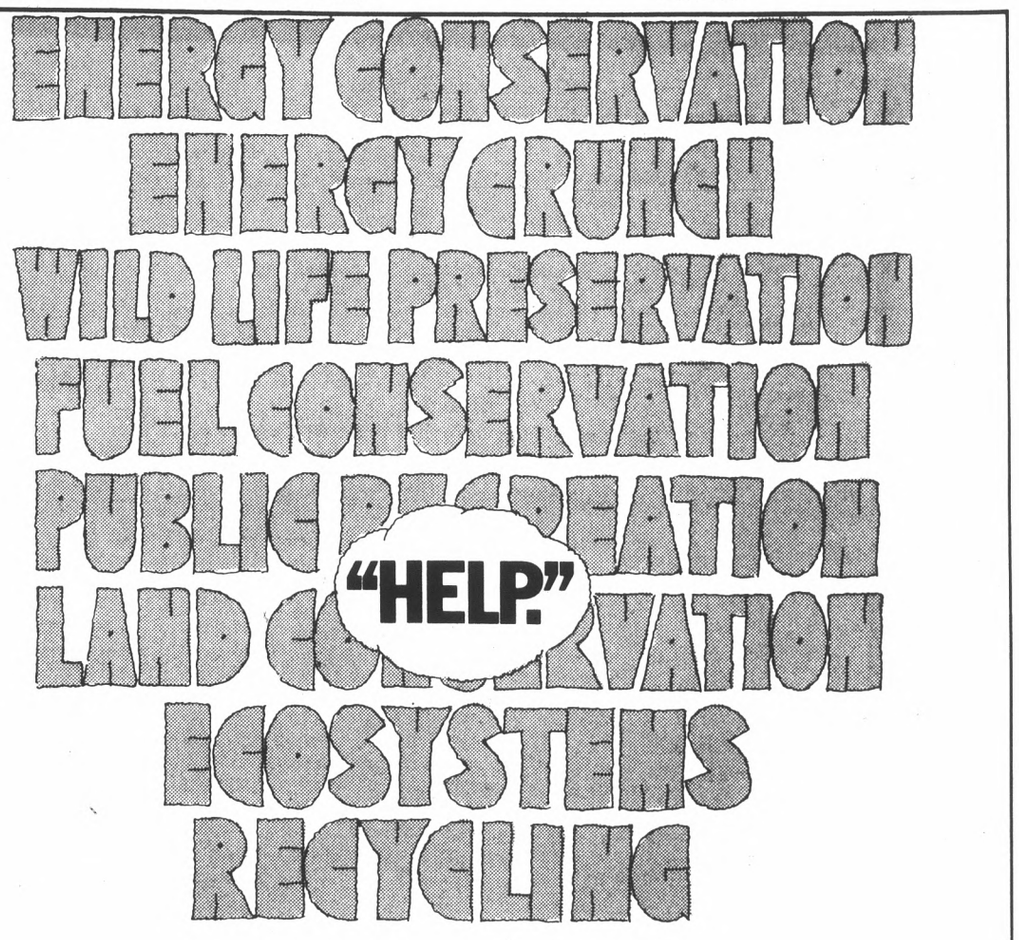

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INSIGHT

Brown makes teachers blue

by Gene Zbikowski

Warren Kessler, president of the United Professors of California (UPC), is an angry man.

"This governor (Jerry Brown) does not use hostile rhetoric to attack us publicly. He is just quietly slitting our throats," the union president said recently.

Kessler is angry about Brown's proposed 1978-79 budget for the CSUC system. The budget would give faculty a five percent pay increase.

"We had agreed with the CSUC Trustees and all the faculty organizations (to ask the state) for a 9.9 percent across-the-board raise for all employees," Kessler said.

"The state Department of Finance estimated a six percent increase in the consumer price index," he continued. "We're asking essentially for a cost of living raise, plus three percent catch-up."

The consumer price index reflects the rate of inflation based on the prices of selected consumer products.

Kessler said inflation has reduced faculty salaries to three-fourths of their 1969 level.

"The situation is pretty grim," he said. "We sort of rode out the Reagan period in the hope that with a Democratic administration the pendulum would swing back. For faculty with a family, the situation is pretty extreme."

Agreement with the union viewpoint comes from an uncommon source: CSUC administrators.

"I think they're well within their rights to be annoyed," Lawrence Ianni, SF State dean of faculty affairs, said.

"There's cause for annoyance not just on the state, but on the national level," Ianni said. "This morning (April 11) President Carter came out, for limiting public employee raises to five percent. I don't know who's keeping score, but I'd hate to have held my breath since the last five percent raise was negotiated in the public field. It's sort of discouraging to hear that public employees should bear the brunt of curbing inflation."

Although CSUC unions and the administration are crying for pay raises, Brown is listening to other voices in this election year.

In his budget message to the state legislature, the governor said that although "California is still a land of dreams" the state faces "fundamental limits." The budget "builds for the future with no new across-the-board taxes."

For re-election, Brown must deal with public sentiment against big government. This sentiment is reflected in the conservative Jarvis-Gann tax reform initiative.

The initiative is another worry for Kessler and the UPC.

"If Jarvis passes local government is going to lose $9 billion in revenue," he said. "They're all going to be screaming for the state government to come and bail them out." Kessler said this may lead to further cutbacks in the CSUC budget.

In addition, the state legislature is taking a critical look at the governor's budget proposal. The budget analyst's report to the legislature recommends trimming almost $2 million from the $700 million CSUC budget.

"We've had eight to 10 years of a trim-the-fat philosophy," Ianni said. "The assumption is that there's fat to trim. Maybe that was true in the early 70s. But if there's fat there, it's getting hard to find now. You can only do belt-tightening so long."

The largest single cut recommended by the budget analyst is $420,000 from the library book acquisition fund. The analyst also suggested cutting $180,000 from an employee affirmative action program.

Ianni criticized the latter suggestion, saying "I can't take that seriously." He said the program is "an attempt to get more minorities and women into administrative positions . . . This is a very minor sort of affirmative action program. I don't see what the saving of $100,000 will do."

Besides snipping at CSUC programs, the state budget analyst recommended holding up approval of the five percent faculty raise until the California Postsecondary Education Commission (CPEC) publishes a comparison of CSUC salaries with salaries at 20 other colleges across the nation.

A preliminary CPEC report issued earlier this year indicates faculties are receiving an average 3.8 percent raise this year.

If the state legislature accepts the budget analyst's argument, the CSUC faculty may not even get Brown's recommended five percent pay raise.

Despite widespread public pressure for budget-cutting, Kessler said the legislature must appropriate more money. He said "a ten percent faculty pay raise would cost $39 million."

Kessler said that appropriating more money for education would make more sense than building more prisons or constructing a satellite for California.

"If there isn't new money, then we have to look at reallocating the money there is," Kessler said. He suggested better CSUC administration planning could save $3.5 million a year.

He said the CSUC administration must maintain a two-percent buffer to avoid cost overruns in faculty salaries. He said the administration maintains a larger buffer, and that the money which isn't spent is returned to the state treasury.

Kessler also said there should be parity in funding the CSUC and University of California systems. "We don't see a justification for giving (UC) students twice as much per capita compared to our students."

He said this difference reflected a class bias because proportionately CSUC has more working class students than UC.

Kessler said a UPC study in 1976 indicated that the CSUC administration had grown three times as fast as student enrollment, and twice as fast as the number of faculty, in the five year period between 1970 and 1975.

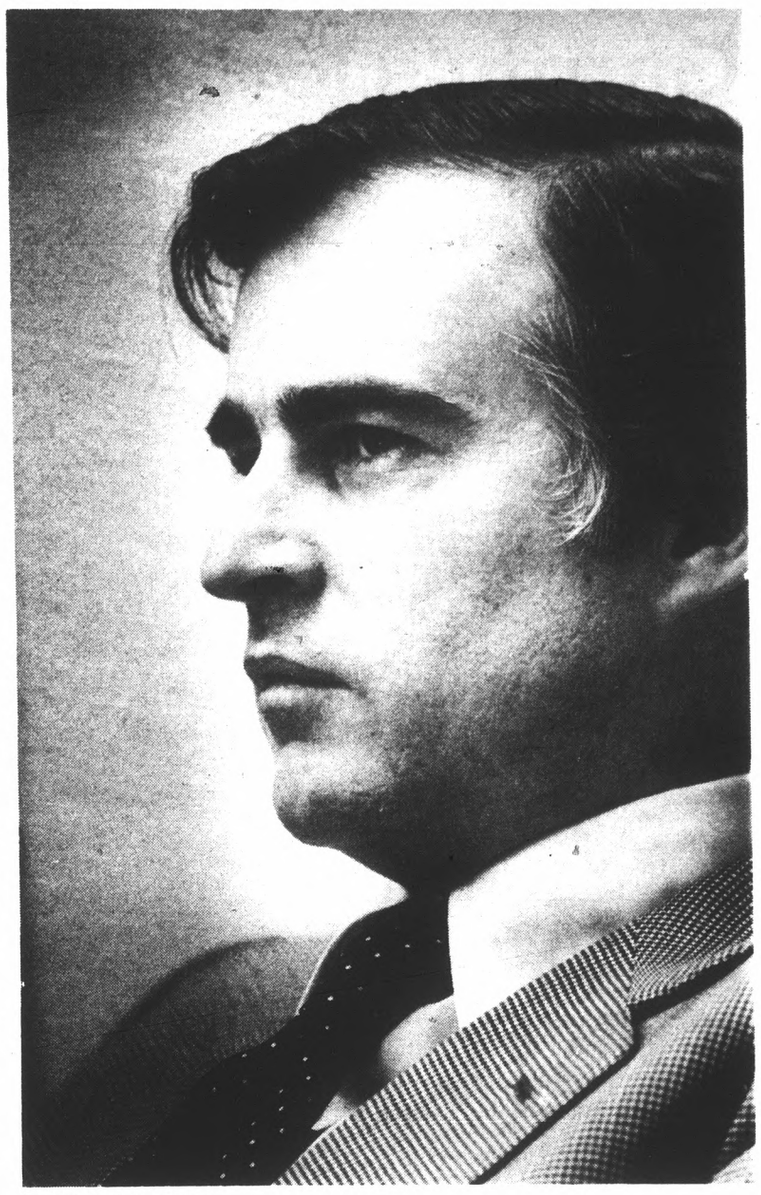
He said if the faculty really wants to influence the state, it must organize. Kessler said that until now, many faculty members have thought they could save money by not joining the union. He said faculty was reluctant to become involved in politics and to back collective bargaining legislation.

"Things may get dramatically worse," Kessler said. "Our members have to prepare themselves for this. We may be headed for a real crisis period."

Kessler said faculty must organize for "political action" and perhaps for "militant action."

The UPC has already given Brown a headache, first by mailing him "psychic contributions" and then by disrupting AFL-CIO endorsement of his re-election.

In the "psychic contribution" campaign, the union distributed a flyer to faculty saying "apparently the governor thinks . . . we can live on 'psychic income.' Let's return the favor. Send the governor a message: Support must be mutual."



Governor Jerry Brown.

At an April 6 AFL-CIO meeting, Kessler and his supporters spoke against endorsing Brown. Since the maritime and building trades unions are supporting Republican candidate Evelle J. Younger the UPC position was dangerous to supporters of Brown and the Democratic Party.

The AFL-CIO meeting eventually endorsed Brown and 58 other Democrats running for office this year.

Only 3,700 of the 17,500 faculty members in the CSUC system belong to the union. Both Kessler and Ianni believe the governor's proposed budget may push the faculty to orgainze.

"People disagree wildly on what the effect of this (proposed budget) will be," Ianni said. "Some people think that the faculty will turn to collective bargaining. Some think that would be a wild mistake.

"I do know that if people feel squeezed they will take some sort of action."

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APRIL H. MCCONNELL

Garrity's lofty view of SF State

On Hayakawa: "...and four minutes before the press conference you'd talk to him and say, 'Oh my God, you don't understand'."

Continued from Page 1

(Ronald) Reagan was strident, as well as other legislators.

We prepared a presentation to give to the Trustees. Bob Smith stayed here on campus and we made the presentation in Los Angeles. Everyone was there, the governor was there, jeez, it was the first time, I think, they had a 100 percent attendance.

At the conclusion of that very long day, we were asked to call Smith and have him come down. They wanted his plans directly from him.

The next day we finished the meeting and went to lunch, and Bob Smith announced, out of the blue, that he was resigning. Within the next 45 minutes they met and chose Don (S.I.) Hayakawa.

Hayakawa had been a part-time faculty member. He had written the chancellor and members of the Board of Trustees sharing his perception of the situation and what should be done.

He came in here and he didn't know anyone. The very first meeting I couldn't believe what I saw. I'd never heard such naive nonsense. He was not a tiger; he was more like a pussycat the first day. He changed the next Monday, with real people and things.

He did understand that one of the battles he had to win was the battle of public opinion.

Essentially it was being characterized as a problem in which the students were the underdogs and they were being subjugated by the fascist university administration and its lackeys, the cops.

Hayakawa was reacting to the situation in almost a knee-jerk response. He was reacting to problems and to things that insulted his sensibilities. He's a guy who holds very traditional academic values.

Don is a master for handling the media. He'd be sitting in a chair three-quarters asleep and you'd see a physical change in him. I swear he could smell a TV camera clear across campus. He'd literally change.

He used to have press conferences. Don Scoble (public affairs director) and some of the others of us would try to work with him, to try to get him to understand the issues. And four minutes before the press conference you'd talk to him and say, "Oh my god, Don, you don't understand that at all." Then he'd walk through that door and he'd undergo a metamorphosis. Wow. He'd come out with some of the damnedest things. He's just good copy.

He never made any pretense of knowing anything about administration. He really wasn't concerned with those questions. The rest of the time it was not unpleasant. Don tried to help. He didn't get in people's way. But as he got nearer to retirement he got more and more bored.

* * *

It seems to make very little difference that Garrity is leaving. The decisions any university administrator makes have little direct effect. Such is the nature of the time warp of upper academia.

But in a very real and important sense it makes a great deal of difference who these people are and how they go about doing their jobs.

When the everyday world seems to turn upside down, the planning books with their charts and graphs are stacked on the shelves. The times demand to be dealt with. And the people with vision become tempered or tamed in the emotions of the conflict.

Women get office back

by Laurie Strand

The Women's Center regained its old office space last week when the AS Board of Directors voted to return Student Union M114 to the women for their drop-in center.

The decision ended the women's two-and-a-half month search for a new drop-in center after the AS converted their old space into a conference room at the beginning of the semester.

An open house will be held at the drop-in center on Tuesday, April 25, from noon to 2 p.m.

Kory White, a Women's Center spokesperson, said a formal request to regain the office was made to the board and "they decided to give it to us since it wasn't being properly utilized as a conference room."

White said the AS newspaper, *Zenger's*, incorrectly reported that the Women's Center will continue to occupy their present space in M113.

Jet Kruse, director of the Women's Center, said the AS Board of Directors will evaluate the drop-in center after three months. "They'll go over how many people use it and what kinds of services are offered," she said.

The women intend to sponsor workshops, support groups, speakers and films, Kruse said. "We need input from all the women on campus. We're hoping they'll come in and talk about what they want and what kind of programs they would like."

Sister strikes a chord

by Ken Dorter

She's a nun, a concert pianist and a teacher at SF State.

"I love it," says 60-year-old, silver-haired Sister Mary Dominic Ray about teaching "Music in America" here. "I have the feeling I'm sharing with friends."

Photo by Walt Weis

Sister Mary Dominic Ray.

Eighteen years ago, the soft-spoken Dominican nun founded a music reference library at Dominican College where she still works full-time. Rather than only using a textbook, she uses the materials in the library as teaching aids.

"I know my course is bound to have a thousand times more impact this way," she says.

The library, stocked with books, recordings, sheet music and slides, is devoted to the history of American music from the 17th century to the present.

Sister Dominic finds her students' attitudes rewarding.

"I know how it is to be bored," she says. For this reason her goal is to make music "alive and exciting" in the classroom.

"My students come up and talk to me quite a lot. I know I'm interesting them," Sister Dominic says.

A 1932 graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory, her interest in music began with the classics. "I was a terrible snob," she says. Then she read an article on American music.

"It changed my whole life," she says. "I won't have a moment's peace until I've found out everything I can."

Her 31 years as a nun have not interfered with Sister Dominic's love of music. Along with her teaching duties, she's a concert pianist.

Sister Dominic is a visiting instructor in the Music Department this semester. "I hope I will be invited back," she says. "The people are awfully nice here."

Announcements

The SF State Chapter of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE) will meet in room S163, Wed., April 26, at 2 p.m.

Summer college work-study applications will be available April 27 in NewAd 355. Jobs will begin July 1 and end September 2.

A National Organization for Women (NOW) task force has been established at SF State. Meetings will be held on Tuesdays at noon in Student Union Conference Room B118. For more information call Maryann at 731-4208.

"Awareness on Health" is the theme for SF State's Health Fair, which will be held April 25 and 26 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the Barbary Coast.

The Political Science Student Association presents its political job forum on Friday, April 28, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. in Student Union Conference Rooms A–E.

"What's Different About Private Schools?" is the theme of the Libertarian Alliance's next lecture on April 24, from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. in the Barbary Coast.

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Students spy on the stars

by Michael Torcellini

At the flick of a switch a motor begins to moan and the ceiling slides open, admitting the afternoon sun and the gusting San Francisco winds. Soon, the sky above SF State's observatory is unveiled, and the four permanently installed telescopes are ready for use.

The observatory, located on the roof of the Physical Science Building, is open to students and the public, Monday through Thursday from 7:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Built in 1972, the observatory houses a 16-inch telescope, "the largest permanently installed scope in San Francisco," according to Ron Hipschman, part-time instructor and graduate student at SF State.

SF State's 16-inch telescope, called an Optical Craftsman Cassegrain Reflector, cost about $13,000. It is surrounded in the observatory by three telescopes, smaller in both bulk and mirror size.

"We also have an eight-inch portable telescope that we take on field trip observations," said Hipschman.

The combined cost of the five telescopes was estimated at $19,000 by Charles F. Hagar, observatory director.

Installed two years after the observatory was completed, the 16-inch reflector telescope is the workhorse for most of the astrological research done at SF State. It is used for measuring the brightness of stars, the occultations of stars by the moon (the moon's movement in front of stars), and the photographing of asteroids and comets.

"We train our upper division students to work the telescopes, and they do most of the research," said Hagar.

Hagar mentioned plans for building an observatory south of SF State for advanced research work and study.

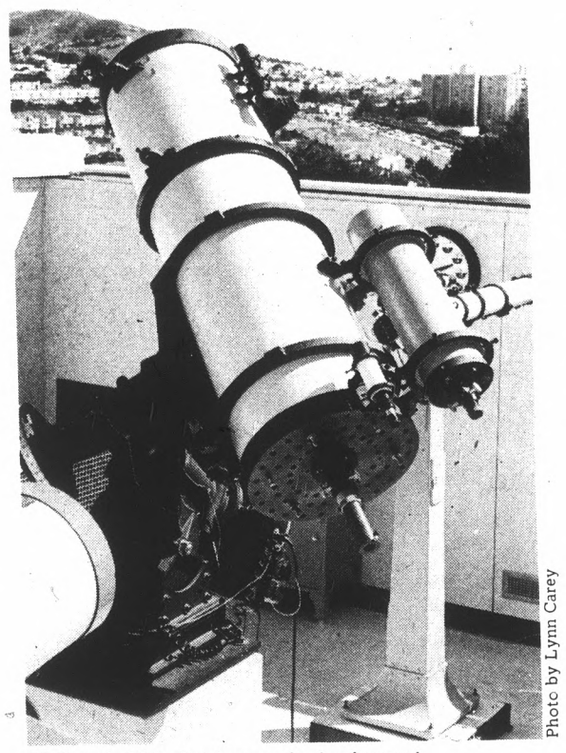

Photo by Lynn Carey

SF State's 16-inch telescope looks skyward.

"It would be in affiliation with the College of San Mateo," said Hagar. "We would contribute our large telescope, and they would contribute some of their telescopes and the land."

Although Hagar stressed the project is only "tentative," he said the observatory here would stay as is, except for the loss of the one telescope.

When dissolution is a solution

by Maureen Ferris

For some SF State students the anxieties of grades, job prospects, money and housing are compounded by the grief and torment of a failing marriage.

Figures compiled by Legal Referral show that 18 people have been advised by attorney David Fielding about starting or completing dissolution proceedings since February.

Since October, 1977, the Hastings Legal Assistance Clinic, which provides legal representation for SF State students, has assisted six dissolutions.

California has abolished the traditional basis for divorce whereby one party had to show that the other was guilty of adultery, mental cruelty or the like.

Today's "no fault" dissolution does not ascribe guilt to either party. Divorce can be granted in this state for irreconcilable differences or incurable mental illness. The first category accounts for the majority of dissolutions.

Of the 24,000 students at SF State, it is impossible to estimate how many are married. Marital status was deleted from records in the early 70s.

In San Francisco, as in 16 other California counties, a husband and wife seeking dissolution must file a form which states that they know that counseling is available to them.

SF State students can get counseling through three different agencies: the Ecumenical House, the Student Health Center and the Psychology Clinic.

The Psychology Clinic has no definite program for counseling marital problems, but will provide help to anyone who comes in, according to Linda Boyd, clinic secretary.

Lefty Schultz, director of Ecumenical House, said that not many people have come to the house seeking guidance for marital problems.

Schultz, a Methodist minister, has gone through dissolution himself and said that it is never easy, no matter how uncomplicated the procedures are.

"There are all sorts of reasons for a divorce," Schultz said. "The perpetual high expectation that people have of marriage and relationships because institutions such as schools, the extended family and the church have broken down are a primary reason.

"Also, this is the 'me' decade. We are seeing an increase in narcissism and a preoccupation with sex. People are looking for more self-gratification. The feminist movement has also been a large reason, but that can be interpreted in a positive sense as well."

Schultz was a member of a support group in the East Bay after his own dissolution. He has thought of starting a group for students because he found the experience valuable when he was readjusting his life.

Diane Rockloff, who received her master's degree in clinical psychology from SF State last year, said the environment of San Francisco helps cause the breakdown of marriages.

"The pace is frantic here," said Rockloff, a lifelong Bay Area resident. "That subtle push to experience all you can is ever present. It's really not OK to be a housewife and mother. The push toward independence upsets the home's stability.

"There is also the theory that says as people are dissatisfied they move west. They are looking for something which results in a lot of desperation around here."

She also said a "power struggle" is at the base of many broken marriages.

"It is an accepted theory that if the authority role in a marriage is not shared, the marriage will be more successful," she said.

At SF State, most people seeking dissolutions are women who have returned to school after raising their children.

For these women, an education and a new career present opportunities for a new life in which marriage is not an essential ingredient.

This positive aspect of the dissolution process comes only after many months of court proceedings and bitter awakenings for the woman herself.

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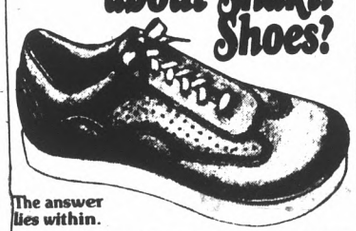
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OPINIONS

Food for thought

When Alcatraz was a federal penitentiary, the prison officials made sure the inmates were served the best food possible. The government's reasoning was that the men would not start a riot in the mess hall if they liked the food they were eating. Also, the theory went, prisoners who were well-fed usually were more complacent and less likely to cuase trouble.

At SF State's residence hall Dining Center, students are also captive consumers; they must eat there in order to live in the dorms. Unfortunately, unlike The Rock, the food isn't good, the prices are too high and the inmates aren't happy.

Becuase the students aren't happy, the university administration, AS President Wayne Lukaris, and this newspaper – three factions that usually have nothing more in common than not trusting each other – have all spurred investigations into the various problems of the Dining Center and its operating corporation, Professional Food-Service Management.

As a result of these investigations, some changes have been made at the center. Most of them were made to conform with the city health code. However, a story in last week's *Phoenix* told of problems at other PFM-run dining centers. They seem to indicate that the prospects of big improvements following the small ones are small at best.

In that story, several people involved in university food services agreed on one thing: a dining center is only as good as its manager. The success of an operation hinges on a manager's abilities to hire and run responsible staff and provide good food.

SF State's Dining Center manager quit last week, as did an assistant manager. But this doesn't mean things will automatically improve. In fact, given PFM's track record at SF State, as well as at other campuses, it might be optimistic to expect anything to change.

Of the schools covered in last week's article, roughly half of them said that PFM was doing an adequate job at their dining centers. It seems that residents here would have a 50 percent chance of seeing any improvement in management when the new managers are hired next week.

But the Dining Center here has gone through a handful of people in its top three management positions in the last three years. With each change there was always a hope for radical improvements, but with each change improvements came with glacier-like speed.

PFM's contract expires next year. At that time the university will open bidding for a new contract. The bad news is that SAGA and other major food service chains that can be expected to take part in bidding for the contract have had their problems, too.

But if PFM hasn't improved and made eating at the Dining Center enjoyable by next year, any change would be better than no change at all.

"Noise? What noise? I don't hear any noise."

A street survivor hangs on

by C.L. Moloshco

It's one of those nights when every noise sounds exaggerated. Footsteps down the hallway sound like an ROTC marching unit. The cars outside the window sound like souped-up dragsters.

Face it, I say to myself, it's insomnia. But no, it's more than that. I can't get Linda off my mind.

Linda is an 18-year-old student/-hooker/writer. I met her on the streets. She was searching for something to do, something to break the monotony, something to make her forget the previous night's suicide dream.

My first impression of her was not kind. I thought she looked the part of the classic two-bit whore. It's hard to say why. It was probably because her mascara was extremely thick, her hoop earrings were ridiculously large, her breasts were all but hanging out of her black, deep-cut shirt. She smoked incessantly and occasionally brushed aside her slightly oily, shoulder-length, straight hair.

She talked about how she almost killed herself the night before. I thought, who hasn't almost killed oneself? She talked about how meaningless her life was; I thought, self-pity.

I didn't take her seriously. After all, I didn't have the time to soothe and comfort some self-pitying loser. I was tired myself.

My landlady was hounding me for rent and my 35-hour-a-week job was using up the energy I needed to keep

"She talked about how she almost killed herself the night before"

my 19 units afloat. I dismissed her with a wave of my hand and some excuse about having to get somewhere in half an hour.

Today I ran into her on the way to school. She was waiting for the same bus. We talked for about an hour and it is that conversation which is keeping me awake right now. She told me about her past.

She ran away from home after her father raped her. She was 11. She escaped to Hollywood and met a bartender who set her up as a prostitute in the back room. Eleven years old. Drugs followed, beatings, three abortions, not to mention the drooling 40-year-old men who stood in line to turn a trick with the child/woman.

Eventually she ended up in San Francisco where she now keeps a one-bedroom apartment on the edge of the Tenderloin. She takes a couple of courses at SF State, writes poetry and searches, unsuccessfully, for a friend.

Instead, she finds men smacking their lips and plunking down $20 bills. Or she finds people like me who walk past her, pushing her aside.

OK. Maybe she looks in the wrong places. Maybe her story isn't even true. But the point is, her past is no freak story. Her story is true; her story happens all the time.

I asked her if she ever told her mother about the rape. She said no. Her parents are happily married, very much in love. She didn't want to destroy their relationship. The irony really stabs at me. Doesn't she see it?

I wonder what she's doing right now. Is she sleeping peacefully? Is she haunted by nightmares of her past? Has she taken a razor to her wrists?

I think of her and I want to take her into my arms and cradle her back to life, back to a life of dignity and respect. Then I laugh. What is a life of dignity and respect? Working 35 hours a week selling false smiles and bad food for lousy pay?

We all lose a little dignity in the process of survival. Nothing is pure.

No, I can't save her, can't save the world, can only save myself. In fact I doubt she needs or wants "to be saved." She knows exactly what she's doing. She is one hell of a survivor.

But I'm sure she could use a friend, someone to ease the pain and help make sense out of this world. Next time I won't push her aside and walk past; she deserves respect. She has survived.

AS news and views

by Eric Newton

* AS violence: Steve Rafter, well unknown as speaker of the student government legislature, had a knuckle-chin encounter with a club president last week. Rafter provided the chin.

The club president wanted to see a copy of his already-submitted budget and, after a bit of debate, Rafter tried "to exert authority" and expel him. Then, whap!

Rafter recovered, but not before relieving tension by busting a gavel against the office wall.

* AS woman: Robin Lynn Cox, vice-president, will appear dressed for dancing in an exclusive two-night Student Union engagement.

Cox and 50 others are taking free disco dancing lessons in the Union basement April 25 and 27. Too bad there are few openings for more Travolta freaks or Cox-watchers.

* Keep the Student Union for the students: rally at 1 p.m. today. At least that's what the leaflets say. Here are the arguments:

Clubs get office space in that giant concrete vacuum cleaner. Some Union board members think this violates education code rules, which say every bit of student-paid-for space must be open to all students.

These members include neat-dressing Deacon Butterworth, who says a bank and photocopying center would serve all students better than club office space.

But, clubs say, if you want a shopping center, go to Stonestown. Good point.

My view: if clubs front for all-student activities, like sponsoring speakers open to the public, let them stay. Many do. If they don't, charge them rent.

* A sign of the times?: The plastic plaque outside SF State President Paul F. Romberg's office says "Please Enter." So far, so good.

But *Zenger's* found staying inside to be tough. The interview length with the president was cut from one hour to 30 minutes.

It's bad enough that Romberg gives interviews only in the spring. There's no excuse. *Zenger's* even submitted all 16 questions in advance – a Romberg quirk.

* Mellowdrama: Overheard, "Is it too late to drop a class?" Answer: "Do you have terminal cancer?"

Actually, it's worse than that. You may withdraw until the third week before the semester's end, but *only* with instructor, department chair and dean approval.

* Quiiiieeeet!: Wayne Lukaris, AS boss, talked to *Phoenix* yesterday about his decision not to talk to *Phoenix*. He didn't like a recent editorial cartoon.

While Lukaris was at meetings in Washington, the only person I encountered who wouldn't talk was tried-and-true secretary Toni Stadlman. Maybe Lukaris talked to the wrong group.

* Character of the week: Big Jim Mazzaferro. He's the chief of Performing Arts, an AS program which brings free movies, shows, etc.

Big Jim, 22, says he's now looking hard at Chuck Mangione, jazz player, for a possible concert. Maybe, at last, we can get some of our *mandatory* student government fee ($10) back with the free shows and movies.

"I'm sick of this apathy shit," quoth the music major, who invites students to his mezzanine office to tell him which artists they want to see. A hint: he's six-feet-tall, at least, and plays over 20 instruments. Don't fool around.

Unfortunately, Mazzaferro knew Lukaris in high school.

* SF State registration primer: See the fee. See the fee fly. See it fly high – to $106.

Last semester, seven or more units cost $100.50. Add five bucks for the new IR (I'm not explaining it) fee. Total: $105.50.

But I got a bill for $106. Someone raised registration costs fifty additional cents and didn't say why. And that half-dollar, collected from 23,000 wallets, is $11,500. Wha?

* Zengernote: The student government newspaper has broken all records – for use of the words "Associated Students" or initials "AS." There were more than 100 references in last week's issue alone, with more than 75 in the first four news pages.

Jody Powell couldn't top that. OK, Zengerites, you can stop it now...

* Last gasp: What do I think – on this fine sunny day – about the *Campus Phoenix*, a third campus newspaper now proposed to Romberg?

The more the merrier.

The wasted days of our lives

by Tom Adams

"The pieces of the puzzle don't fit!" he says. "If you want me to represent you, you're going to have to tell me everything! Did you have an affair with him? Joanie, I'm only trying to help you. The prosecutors will tear you up in court if you don't confide in me!"

Kelly Vission, an SF State student, sits on the overstuffed couch in the darkness of the Student Union's north tower, pinned to the back of her seat, her mouth agape, her eyes wide open – soaking up the action in the 12-by-14-inch world before her.

Now the background music subsides, and a day in their lives is suspended... momentarily.

"Buy the eight hour feminine deodorant which never...It's the T-shirt that's really a dress...Give your kids Band-Aid brand...Buy Palomino dishwashing liquid...It comes in the night – arthritis pain."

Kelly exhales and spoons some chili beans down. The beans are eaten out of a Styrofoam cup which rests on her lap.

Now it's on agian. Back to Boring.

"Joanie, you're going to have to tell him about the rape," says her husband. He is wise and perfect. His suit is permanently pressed. His expression exudes self-assurance.

Luscious Joanie is suffering through a spot of tragedy. She was raped by a nightclub owner who was later murdered. Joanie is innocent but she has been arrested for the crime. Perhaps she can be defended successfully if the rape is made known but only her husband knows that information.

Background: Joanie was married to Tod at one time. Tod cannot stand Phil (a doctor) because Phil married Doris (now they are estranged) who was married to Tod before Tod married Joanie (dissolved since), and because Phil seduced Marci, Doris's and Tod's daughter.

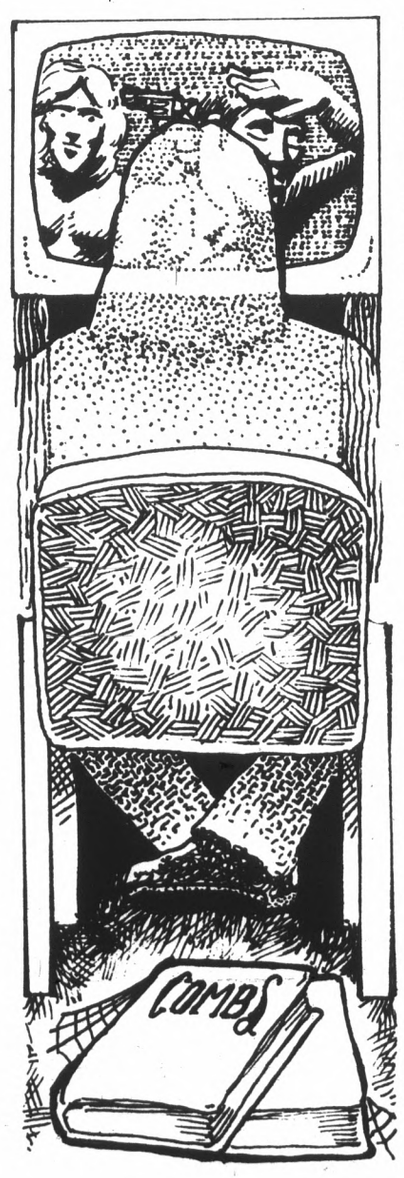
At present: Their lives continue to trickle through time. Old Tod is now planning to marry his young secretary. Dan, Joanie's lawyer, is being blackmailed by Louise. Diana and George (a doctor) are back together. Margaret is married to Diana's and George's son and she has leukemia but George's father, her doctor, hasn't told her yet.

In the Student Union, Kelly and her girlfriend are suffering from sympathy pains.

"Geez, poor Joanie," says Kelly's friend. "And what about their marriage, how long do you think it's going to last if Joanie won't let a man touch her anymore?"

The credits for "Days Of Our Distress" end, and with it an hour packed with talk abou illegitimate babies, rape, blackmail, and fatal illness ends, and another hour, this one called "Rich Doctors," begins.

Nearly 40 students now give their full attention to the operating room suspended in the darkness. It's TV. It's 1:30 p.m. It's happening in the north tower of the Student Union, and it's embarrassing that students don't have better things to do.



LETTERS

Number 2 in a series

This is in response to the *Phoenix* questionnaire sent to me in connection with the Dick Thompson profile published in the March 30 issue.

I was very pleased with the piece and with the skill and professional verve with which Thompson carried out his task of interviewing me.

I believe that the article offers a view of the president as a person which is not ordinarily perceived and understood by many in the university community. The writing has clarity and style.

Paul F. Romberg
President

Mellow yellow Phoenix

Doesn't the *Phoenix* have anything better to do than throw darts at the Associated Students? After all, taking on the student government by the campus newspaper is a great way to entertain readers! But this gives students a false picture of their student government. Is that what you want? Come on, mellow out!!

The fact is that throughout your tedious and insulting recent editorials about the student body officers you fail to cite a single instance of the alleged behavior you find unacceptable. Nor do you inconveniently mention the recent accomplishments of the AS, including getting a budget in place and approved and starting up student services after last year's disaster.

If you can't be fair, be quiet!

Robin Lynn Cox
Associated Students

Classless classifieds

It is difficult to believe that the *Phoenix* staff, so concerned about a possible Nazi takeover of SFSU's AS, so supportive of other minority concerns, would be so careless as to accept for publication in its 4/13/78 edition unclassifieds the following:

"SAVE OUR CHILDREN, SUPPORT THE SENATOR BRIGGS INITIATIVE!" Anyone with any sense realizes that Sen. Briggs is one of the most loathsome neo-fascists to crawl out from under the slimy rocks of politics in some time. His "initiative" is aimed towards a McCarthyistic purge and blacklisting of all gay teachers in California's public school system (or even anyone suspected of being gay; the judgment is not based on facts but on the decisions of school boards). This will "save children?" In what way? Can Sen. Briggs and his misguided supporters provide any factual evidence for their contention that gay schoolteachers adversely affect their students in any way?

SAVE THE STATE FROM FASCISM. DO NOT SUPPORT THE BRIGGS INITIATIVE!

Ray P. Comeau

PHOENIX

1600 Holloway Avenue
San Francisco, California 94132
(415) 469-2083

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Phoenix is a laboratory newspaper published every Thursday during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. Unsigned editorials express the opinion of the *Phoenix* editorial board. The content of *Phoenix* does not necessarily reflect the policies or opinions of the Department of Journalism or of the university administration.

Research for some of the articles appearing in *Phoenix* was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.

California's best college newspaper
1977, 1975, 1970

Dining Center-- the complete text

Report of the Ad Hoc Dining Center Review Committee

This report is submitted to Dr. Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president for administration, by Benjamin Baptiste, environmental health and occupational safety officer, chairman; Eugene Bossi, M.D., director of Student Health Services; Don Finlayson, director of housing; and Jon Schorle, director of public safety. Larry L. Kroeker, dean of Student Affairs, acted as a consultant to the committee, and Sarah Hassitt, student, joined the committee at its invitation.

Background Information

On March 9, 1978, an aritcle headlined, "Dining Center Cleanup Ordered" appeared in the *Phoenix*. A summary of the items mentioned in the article are as follows:

1. Violations of health codes were listed in the article, with a report that the center was "threatened with an official citation" by the (city) Health Department.

2. Vector control (mice, roaches, flies, etc.) was reported as being poor.

3. Student employees were quoted, and reportedly gave evidence concerning item 2 above, and also reported that they worked at the center when they were ill because they were afraid of being fired.

On March 14, 1978, Dr. Feig formed the review committee with the charge "...to review the dining room operations as provided by PFM, in order to determine factually the existing health and safety problems, and recommend their solution."

Method

The method for reviewing the dining operations consisted of the following:

1. The center was re-inspected by the Health Department on March 13, 1978. Don Finlayson, Eugene Bossi, M.D., and Ben Baptiste joined in the inspection with PFM representatives.

2. The committee met on March 16, 1978, and reviewed the *Phoenix* article in detail. A student representative, Sarah Hassitt, was added to the committee. Jon Schorle was not yet on campus. Bob Lisberger (Dining Center manager) was interviewed. Larry Kroeker joined in the discussions.

3. The final meeting took place on March 30, 1978. All members were present except Larry Kroeker. Dr. Bossi presented a letter from the Health Department. Louis B. Gagliardi, vice president of Crane Pest Control, was interviewed. The following persons quoted and named in the article were interviewed:

Sandra Weeks (PFM)
Claire Howard (student)
Andy McGuire (student)
Shelly Hicks (student)

Findings of the Committee

1. The Health Department violations reported in the *Phoenix* article were accurate, except for the "excess grease on walls." According to Andy Jin, the inspector, the walls were stained, but they were clean and not greasy.

2. Contrary to the *Phoenix* report that the center was "threatened by citation," the committee found that the violations are not considered serious by the Health Department and they had never considered such action.

3. The committee found that before Christmas vacation the hidden areas around the center were infested with cockroaches. It was determined that Crane Pest Control provides weekly service that helps keep roaches out of the eating areas, but the infestation required a complete fogging of the building during Christmas break. This fogging, plus the weekly service, has now controlled the problem. Crane checks mouse traps weekly and in their professional opinion, this is adequate for control. PFM is now using "pest strips" to control flies on the loading dock area. The report of a "dead mouse in the juice machine" was true, but the event took place about two years ago. The mouse reportedly got into the machine during a summer break. There is no evidence that any juice was ever served while the mouse was present.

4. Although Bob Lisberger and Sandy Weeks stated that students are not fired when they miss work because of illness, all the students interviewed stated they feared being fired, and the reports of working while being sick are true. It should be noted that the students quoted in the article no longer work at PFM, and some of their problems related to a supervisor who is also no longer with PFM. PFM reported that their present supervisors are now more understanding of students who are ill. The students complained that it was difficult to obtain a substitute when they got sick. They said that PFM supervisors got angry when no substitute was found, and the students thought it best to work while ill.

5. Two students complained of slippery conditions; one was hurt in a fall. They reported that Bob Lisberger had told them something would be done, but it never was.

Conclusion and Recommendations

1. The committee recommends that the technique of frightening student employees in order to discourage malingering should not be used. On the contrary, management should make it clear that students are not permitted to work when they are ill with an infectious disease. The system used to find substitute student employees should be reviewed by PFM and improved if possible.

2. Floors and steps, in particular those that are wet or greasy, should be provided with abrasives to prevent slipping.

Students rate PFM

by Merrilee Morrow

Three years ago, SF State decided to turn the operation of the residence dining halls over to a professional food service. Before choosing a company, university officials rated three bidding companies on the quality and cost of their services. Based on this evaluation, Professional Food-Service Management (PFM) was chosen.

Instead of letting officials evaluate food service alone, *Phoenix* randomly asked 60 dormitory residents their opinions on PFM. Students rated PFM in some of the same categories that university officials used in their evaluations.

Students rated PFM's performance on a scale of one (poor) to 10 (excellent).

Residents said PFM's menu and pricing policies were below average and the meal hours and employee performance were above average.

Students were asked if they would purchase a food plan if it was not required. (Students must purchase one of three meal plans to live in the dorms.) Seventy-five percent said they wouldn't purchase a plan and 25 percent said they would.

Residents were asked if they would rehire PFM for next year. Eighty-two percent said they wouldn't rehire the company, 13 percent said they would, and five percent were undecided.

The results:

* How would you rate the taste, appearance and variety of PFM's menu? **3.9 overall rating.**

* How would you rate PFM's prices? **2.9 overall rating.**

* How would you rate the convenience of PFM's meal hours? **6.1 overall rating.**

* How would you rate the job performance and courtesy of staff and student employees? **6.2 overall rating.**

* Would you purchase a food plan if it was not required? **Yes – 25 percent. No – 75 percent.**

* Would you rehire PFM for next year? **Yes – 13 percent. No – 82 percent. Undecided – 5 percent.**

Search begins for new administrators

by Dick Thompson

The process of assembling committees to choose the new dean of the School of Humanities and the vice president of academic affairs began this week.

In a meeting with the faculty of the Humanities School Monday, SF State President Paul F. Romberg said he is looking for a dean who will establish more outreach programs and raise funds for the school from off-campus sources.

At Tuesday's faculty senate meeting, two proposals were offered for the selection of the next vice president of academic affairs. One called for a committee composed of faculty members, while the other specified a group of four faculty members and four persons appointed by Romberg.

Two weeks ago, both Leo Young, dean of humanities, and Donald L. Garrity, provost and vice president of academic affairs, announced their resignations. Young will continue at SF State as a professor in the Journalism Department.

Garrity will accept the post of president at Central Washington University.

The selection process will involve a nationwide search for candidates.

Meanwhile, on Monday, the results of a United Professors of California survey of SF State teachers were released. The survey indicates that faculty members strongly desire the "historical" model, as opposed to the "rainbow" model, for the selection of the vice president.

Over two-thirds of the 290 faculty members who responded to the survey prefered the historical model – a five-person selection and search committee composed of four faculty members, selected by the faculty, plus one dean, elected by the members of SF State's Council of Academic Deans.

The rainbow search committee model consists of three faculty members, two deans, one student and one member of the staff.

Humanities faculty members agreed that their selection committee would be composed of seven faculty members and one person appointed by President Romberg from off campus.

The decision on the composition of the selection and search committee for vice president has been tabled until the next meeting of the Academic Senate, scheduled for next Tuesday.

Committee studies Dining Center

Food report's health charges

Continued from Page 1

area, according to a report by Andrew Jin, city inspector.

Feig said the committee was formed because "the university has a responsibility to ensure high health standards for the students."

Feig said she "will instruct the committee to reconvene on June 15, to see whether PFM has met with the recommendations made" by the committee.

If the changes do not take place, Feig said she "will work with them to get (things) changed."

The committee's report also revealed a potential safety hazard at the Dining Center.

The committee said that two students interviewed told of slippery conditions. One student claimed to be hurt in a fall. The committee report stated that students told Bob Lisberger, former PFM manager, about the condition. Lisberger said the situation would be corrected although it never was, according to the report.

After its own inspection of the Dining Center, the committee recommended that the "floors and steps – in particular those that are wet or greasy – should be provided with abrasives to prevent slipping."

Baptiste said "the abrasives would be difficult, but not impossible to keep clean" but emphasized that "the safety of the workers is a primary concern."

The committee found that during the fall, 1977, semester "hidden areas around the (Dining) Center were infested with cockroaches."

Baptiste said the "hidden areas" were places where insecticide does not reach, such as beneath baseboards.

According to the committee's report, the infestation "required a complete fogging of the building during the Christmas break."

The committee also found "the *(Phoenix)* report of a 'dead mouse in the juice machine' was true" and that the incident occurred about two years ago.

According to the report, the mouse got into the machine during a summer break, but "there is no evidence that any juice was ever served while the mouse was present."

According to the committee, violations reported in a *Phoenix* article were accurate except for a reported violation of "grease on walls." Andrew Jin, city health inspector, told committee members that the walls were stained but clean.

Although the committee concluded that all the violations were not considered serious, a letter from the Health Department attached to the report said a few violations were of "primary interest."

According to the letter, these violations were the "improper storage of trays of food, lack of hair restraints, lack of soap and/or towels in restrooms, and the lack of a sneeze guard in the grill area."

The letter also said "the majority of deficiencies noted must be considered of a minor nature" and that "a re-inspection . . . revealed that all corrections had been made" except for two that required work orders.

PFM has food contracts at eight colleges in California.

In the past year, three California colleges have either canceled or chosen not to renew their contracts with PFM because of charges of unsanitary conditions, poor food, and racism.

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SDC

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On Campus Interviews

TUESDAY, APRIL 25TH

SYSTEMS ANALYSTS

System Development Corporation, the national leader in the information sciences industry, will be on campus April 25th looking for candidates with degrees in the hard sciences with heavy emphasis on math and some computer programming courses, or home interests in programming to do systems analysis on our Satellite Control Project.

With locations either in Sunnyvale or Santa Monica, the Systems Analysts will validate and integrate real-time computer data systems that process satellite commanding, tracking and telemetry data for the Air Force Satellite Control Facility. They will review and critique computer programs allocated and produce baselines for the satisfaction of system requirements and adequacy of implementation. The Systems Analysts assist in the definition of software and hardware/software interfaces. Formulate system testing concepts and plans. Design and develop system test procedures and analyze results to verify product compliance with system design. Develop and maintain data system user manuals.

System Development Corporation also has an extensive number of exciting career opportunities in all aspects of software design and development with a broad variety of applications and hardware environments. Graduates in computer science and electrical engineering graduates are encouraged to see our recruiter about career challenges at SDC.

SEE YOUR PLACEMENT OFFICE TO SIGN UP FOR INTERVIEWS ON CAMPUS APRIL 25TH

If you are unable to get on the list for an interview, please send your resume to the attention of ARDIE TRENHOLM, or call her collect at (213) 829-9448.

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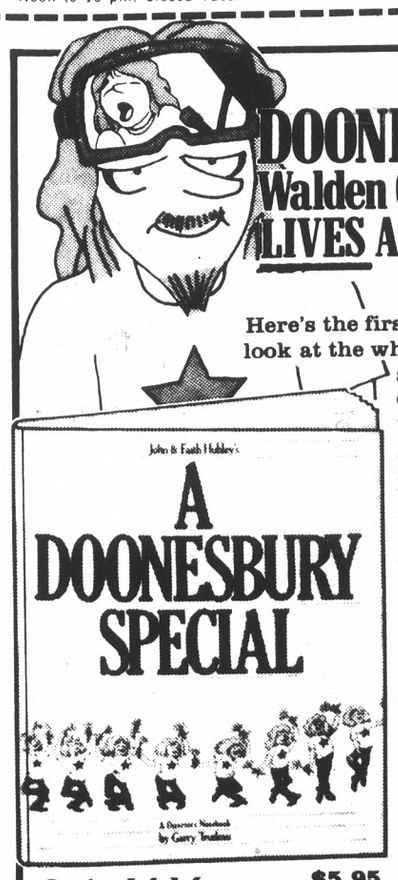
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Led Zeppelin
"JIMI HENDRIX" (R)
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Tuesday-April 25:
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Graduates face murky job scene

by Ken Dorter

The job outlook is mixed in such fields as business, education, gerontology and law.

Marci Manderscheid, director of SF State's extension program, said interest in specialized careers is booming, both in extension courses and in the open university.

Eugene McCarley, associate director of SF State's Placement Center, said there are more business graduates than jobs to accomodate them. But the job market is better than two years ago, he said, because the unemployment rate has dropped.

Patrick So, an SF State accounting major, said, "In a broad sense, everything survives on business. People depend on money; money is business."

Christine Scarampi, a business major here, said, "There's a demand for MBAs and graduate work in business."

According to the Employment Opportunity Projection (EOP) put out by Purdue University, accounting majors have a particualrly good future with a 23 percent growth in jobs expected by the 1980s.

Gerontology, the study of aging, is a growing field.

Today, there are 22 million Americans over 65. This may increase to 30 million by the year 2000.

SF State's program in gerontology is designed to give students a grasp of such areas as senior adult legal assistance.

One student here said, "I think a person has to be mobile or he won't find a job. You might have to go to hell-hole Kansas to get that job, but I think you'll get it."

Jean McKinnie, education student, said, "I cannot think of anything else that I'd want to go into. Special education needs teachers. I know there are not a lot of positions available, but teachers are needed."

Another student, Valerie Elkin, said, "No matter how crowded a profession is, getting a degree is like putting something in my back pocket."

Elkin is specializing in music therapy.

Sandy Weeks, former service manager for SF State's Dining Center, resigned her fourth-grade teaching post in Maryland to go west. She said it was impossible to find another teaching job.

At one point, a job possibility took her to Tuscon, Ariz., where she found 4,000 other applicants for one non-existent position.

The Purdue figures indicate that kindergarten and elementary school teaching positions will have a 13 percent growth, secondary education jobs will increase by eight percent and college level jobs will have no growth in the next 10 years.

The job picture in the legal profession is fuzzy. The field includes lawyers and paralegal jobs such as legal assistants and secretaries.

SF State's Extension Program offers a variety of paralegal courses, such as Legal Research and Probate Procedures.

Guila Cashel, placement officer for the Paralegal Department at St. Mary's College, said law-related courses are popular. Each class has a minimum of 40 students.

Neil Christal, business law instructor here, said, "Ten percent of graduates will get jobs if they want them, while 50 percent will not find employment in law or be able to open up their own businesses."

But EOP figures indicate a 40 percent growth for attorneys within the next ten years.

Volunteers needed

Campus blood campaign

by Paul Steinmetz

SF State's semi-annual blood drive will be held April 26 and 27 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. in Student Union Conference Rooms A–E. Anyone healthy may donate.

The purpose of the drive is to accumulate blood for SF State's account at the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank. Blood in the account is available through the Student Affairs office to all SF State students, campus personnel and their immediate families. Recipients must pay a $20 processing fee to Irwin Memorial.

As of April 1, there were 476 pints of blood in the account. Since November, 260 pints have been distributed.

Donation appointments can be arranged in advance by calling A.E. Zimmer, assistant to the dean of student affairs at 469-2032, or Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, 564-6400, ext. 66.

Legal Referral gives assistance to students

by Maureen Ferris

"If you don't wait until the last minute with legal problems, you'll make out much better in the long run. Our aims are preventative," said Roger Levin, director of the AS Legal Referral program.

Legal Referral, a branch of the Program Action Center, is in full operation this semester with a staff of nine volunteers, director Levin and attorney David Fielding.

The staff is available to students from 9 a.m. to at least 5 p.m. weekdays throughout the semester for students with legal problems or questions.

Fielding – who gets a flat $1,000 a semester – is on campus once a week from 1 to 5 p.m. for 15-minute consultations.

Fielding, who is with the firm of Bushnell, Caplan and Fielding, is on call at all times. He and his two associates hold training sessions twice a month for the Legal Referral staff.

Although deprived of funding last semester, Legal Referral was able to operate in a limited capacity, with Fielding volunteering his time.

In addition to Fielding's legal assistance, students this semester will also be referred to a new program sponsored by Hastings Law School, for which $2,000 has been alloted.

The money is being used to pay a secretary at the Hastings program who will handle all clerical work involving SF State students.

The program, called the Hastings Legal Assistance Clinic, is available only by referral. A $10 fee is paid for an initial consultation with a third-year law student from Hastings who is under the supervision of two attorneys from the law school.

If further legal assistance is necessary, an additional $10 is paid as well as any court filing fees. Should the case go to court, the student is represented by an attorney, not a law student.

UNCLASSIFIEDS

TYPING: Theses, term papers, etc. Reasonable rates. 24-hours notice required. Valerie 664-8132 (evenings only).

I need a room in an apartment/flat by May 31. Female journalism senior needs to share home in Sunset/Richmond below 19th with easygoing students. Contact J. Harmes at 469-2083, Phoenix

Tutor now – receive upper division credit next semester! Business and management tutors needed! Contact Student Learning Center, Library 432. 469-1229.

Male student needs mellow place to live. Under $100. Share rental. Joe, 776-2950.

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'74 Vega, four speed. 47,000 miles, runs well. Good condition. $800. Call eves. or weekends, 731-4208.

Urantia study group meeting this Sunday to examine the evolutionary development of man. Interested, call Michael at 469-1515 or 826-9328.

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CAMPING OPPORTUNITIES
Camp Harris is looking for qualified counselors and specialists to staff two camps, one on the central California coast and an excursion camp in Yosemite. By qualified we mean responsible, creative individuals who are willing to get out of themselves and into the lives of others. The camps will operate from June 24 to July 8. For an application and more information call: (415) 849-4226.

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THE BODY

Iridology: more to it than meets the eye

by Lisa Brewer

The eyes, which reflect the truth of your emotional state and the sincerity of your words, may prove to be the mirrors of your health and well-being.

The ancient science of iridology (study of the iris) is being explored in the Bay Area as a tool for diagnosing diseases in the body. The iris, or colored portion of the eyeball, can be visually "read" by an iridologist in order to determine the physical and mental condition of an individual.

According to practitioners of iridology, breaks in the radial lines in the iris, changes in pigmentation, gaps, "holes" and ridges suggest evidence of disease, accumulations of chemicals and drugs, or an impending nervous breakdown.

Iridologists say the eye permanently records past traumas, even those which have completely healed. A broken bone will leave its scar forever on the iris.

Dr. James Carter, a Fairfax optometrist and the leading iridologist practitioner in Northern California, has been reading eyes for eight years. According to Carter, iridology dates back to Mesopotamian civilizations, which thought that diseases made their first appearances in the eye.

Since the Mesopotamians, Swedish, French and German doctors have studied the iris as a health indicator, but iridology (pronounced "eye"-ridology) was not introduced to the United States until 1904.

According to traditional western medicine, the primary function of the iris is to control and limit light traveling through the pupil.

Carter considers iridology to be valuable primarily as an early warning system for diagnosing disease.

"It's a non-invasive technique for examination of the body," he said.

Most current medical testing procedures, such as blood tests, X-rays, biopsies and exploratory surgeries, require the touching and/or traumatizing of the patient.

"Iridology also allows comprehension of the body in its entirety," said Carter. "We don't have to examine only one organ at a time, for example."

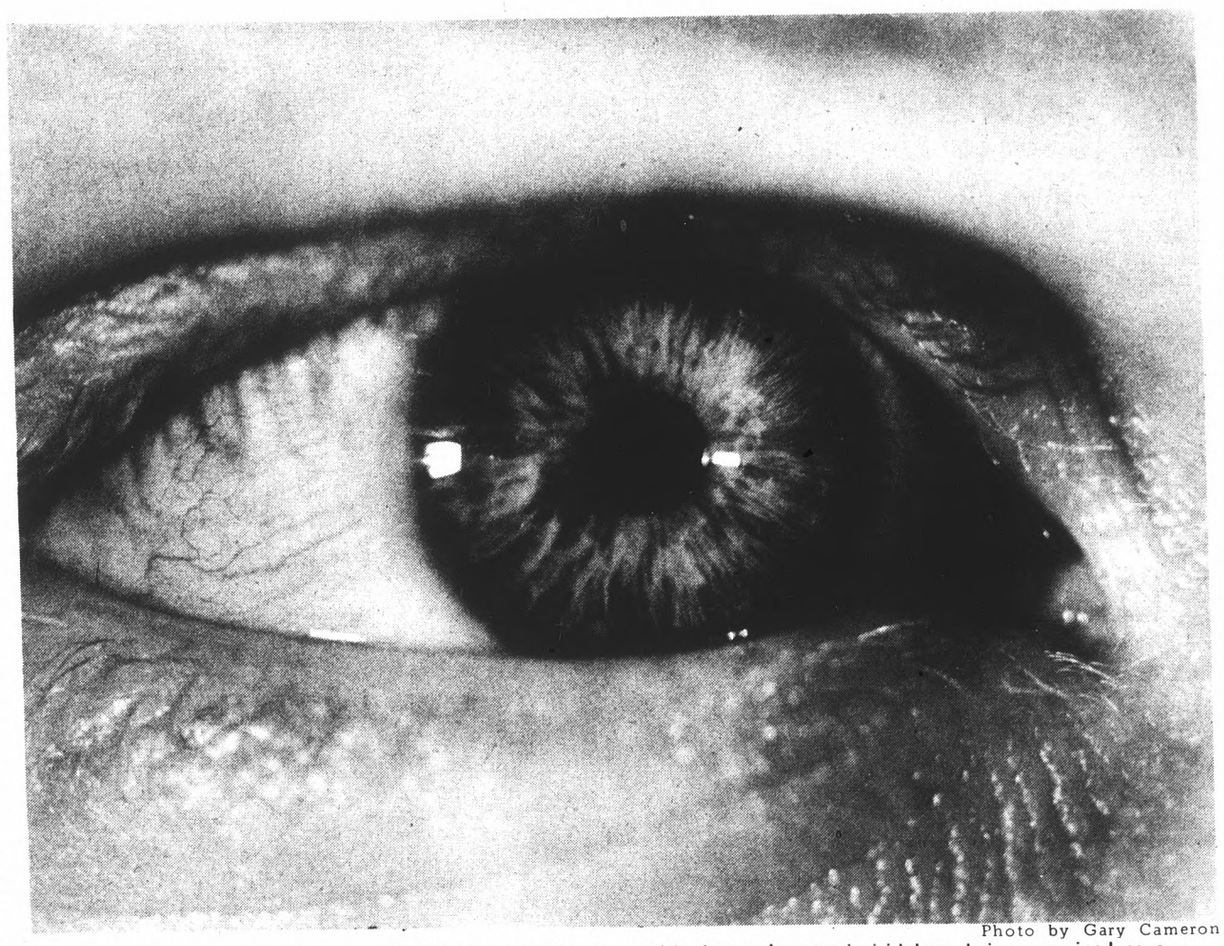

Photo by Gary Cameron

The Mesopotamians thought the eye's iris was an index to health, but only now is iridology being examined as a reliable science in the United States.

'Diseases make their first appearances in the eye.'

According to a chart developed in 1948 by Dr. Bernard Jensen, a Los Angeles iridologist, each organ and body system is represented in the iris.

The corresponding areas in the iris are arranged in a pattern similar to the actual construction of the body, with the head and brain represented at the top of the iris and the feet and legs at the bottom. The skin region is near the outer edge of the iris, the intestines are represented near the pupil on the inner edge of the iris.

"We can predict metabolic and endocrine imbalances, and catch diseases in early stages," Carter said. "The public health aspects and possibilities are tremendous. We could screen large numbers of people for certain conditions fairly easily."

Jesse Morrow, a San Francisco iridologist, is working with Carter researching material for a book on vision and iridology scheduled to come out next year. Morrow, a layperson who conducts his own practice two days a week, has studied iridology for three years.

"Iridology is most valuable as a means of preventive health care," Morrow said. "We are able to see conditions in the body as they're evolving. Health care in this country is crisis-oriented. Iridology can discover things in early stages, before you reach a critical point."

An iridologist will diagnose a patient and then refer them for appropriate medical treatment or more testing. Iridology is currently limited in that it cannot distinguish all details of a health problem. It can indicate the location of a malignancy, but cannot distinguish the type of cancer involved.

The eyes can also indicate inherent problems.

"We can see weaknesses in the body," Morrow said. "If you inherit a weak liver, or a weak heart, we can see this in your iris, and you can take the appropriate steps to take care of yourself.

"We can also see accumulations of drugs and other substances – iron deposits, calcium deposits, salts, quinine. Anything that you can ingest and take too much of, you can find evidence of."

Morrow said different color characteristics often indicate certain problems. An excess of sodium would show up as a "white rainbow." A problem with the lymphatic system looks like a circle of white dots.

Iris diagnosis may prove helpful in the field of mental health, too. Nervous conditions are indicated by the presence of "stress rings," which are actual ridges on the surface of the iris.

"Almost everyone suffers from some stress in this country," said Morrow. "We can see the things that are happening in the head – we can diagnose tremendous nervous problems."

The tools required for observing the iris can range from the naked eye of the diagnostician, aided by a magnifying glass and flashlight, to the use of a slit lamp, or bio-microscope.

A slit lamp is a two-foot high piece of equipment that resembes an extremely complicated and sophisticated microscope. It possesses an impressive array of lenses, mirrors, dials and controls and costs several thousand dollars.

A slit lamp can magnify the iris from seven to 35 times its normal size, making it possible for the diagnostician to zoom in on different areas and focus on the tiniest scars or inflammations.

Carter uses a slit lamp in his practice. "The iris is three-dimensional," he said. "It's important to be able to focus on every level. Your iris is actually about as thick as a dime." Carter doesn't feel the observation of just the outside of the iris to be a sufficiently thorough technique.

It is possible to see many conditions of the iris with just the naked eye. Stress rings are easily observable in most people as clear lines running in concentric circles near the outside edge of the iris.

The spokes, or lines, that radiate from the pupil to the outer edge of the iris can also tell a story. The more tightly knit the spokes, the stronger the physical constitution and recuperative powers of the individual. If the spokes are widely separated, or have gaps and holes breaking them apart, there are possibly inherent weaknesses in the body.

Iridology is a newly-developing technique and has not yet received recognition by the established medical community.

"Traditional doctors don't like it," said Morrow. "They would never accept it unless it was unequivocally proved in some prestigious journal."

Dr. Bruce Mebine, head of Public Information for Bay Area Optometric Societies, has heard lectures given by Carter on iridology.

"It's very difficult to say if the technique is valid," said Mebine. "There is no scientific reason that this whole thing should happen. There is no known neural pathway from the different parts of the body to the different parts of the iris.

"It's a very intriguing subject," he continued. "However, all of us are a little skeptical."

Carter started the only controlled research being done in the Bay Area to attempt to legitimize iridology. He is doing a pilot project with the Family Planning Clinic at San Francisco General Hospital, studying iris changes in vasectomy patients.

The patients' eyes are photographed through Carter's slit lamp before and after the surgery. Comparisons will be made to determine whether there are any definite patterns in the resultant changes.

'Nervous conditions are indicated by stress rings...'

"I chose vasectomy patients because a vasectomy is a dramatic change in structure and function, albeit a small one," said Carter. "Also, it utilizes a local anesthetic only. Under general anesthesia, the pathway to the iris seems to be blocked."

Carter agrees there is a great need for continued research into iridology. Currently, anyone can be called an iridologist, regardless of their level of training or skill.

"This is not yet a profession, it's an emerging science," he said. "We need to establish the limits of iridology to determine what it can and can't do. Then we can establish the regulations and standardize the language and methods."

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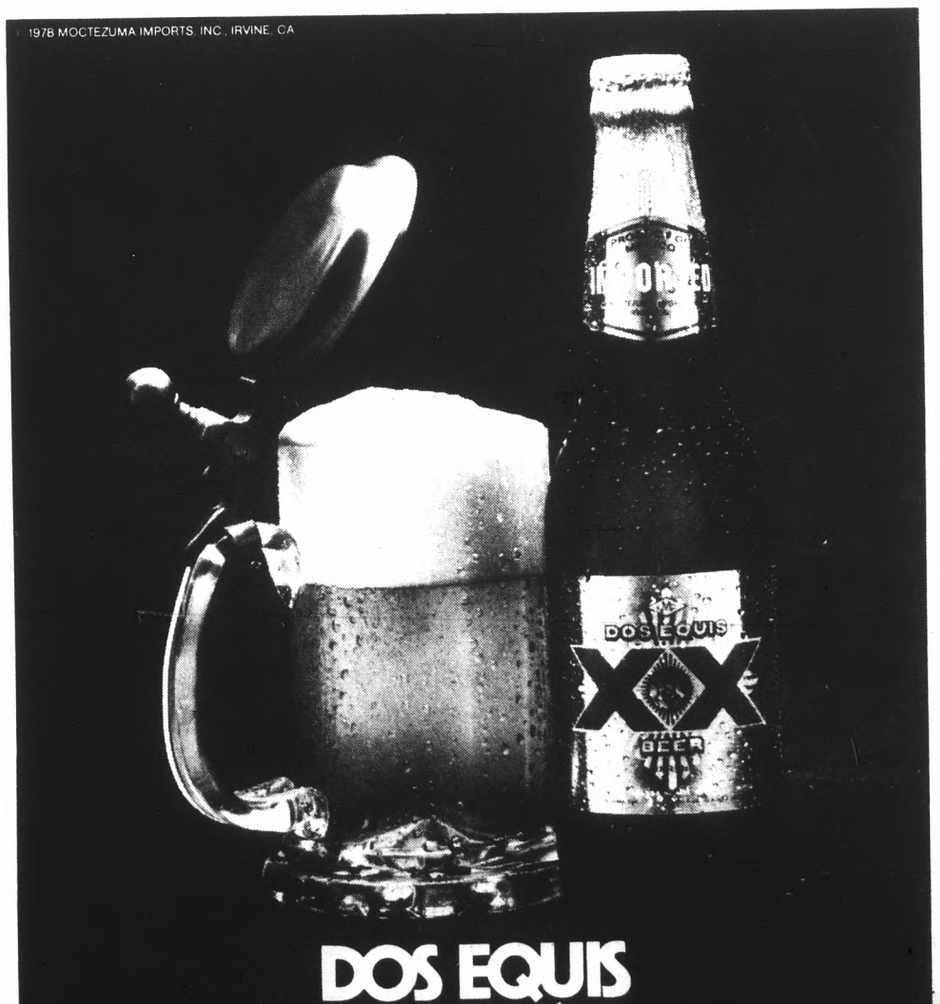

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ARTS

Joan Rivers

Peddling for fun and profit

by Ed Lit

An enthusiastic, standing room only crowd surrounded the petite blonde who was hawking her film about the world's first pregnant man. Joan Rivers was a big hit at the Barbary Coast Monday afternoon, firing one-liners and screening a fifteen minute sampling of *Rabbit Test*.

The students responded to every joke and gesture Rivers made. As she took the microphone to address the audience, her pocketbook got in the way. Almost as if it were prepared, she blurted out, "I'm an old New Yorker, I take my pocketbook everywhere with me."

She felt the SF State audience leaning forward, waiting for her next line. Some cameras clicked; Rivers immediately brushed her hair and flashed a wide Hollywood smile. She played to the crowd. They seemed primed to laugh at anything.

Next was a fifteen minute segment of her film.

Rabbit Test tries to appeal to everyone. An irreverent tale of the world's first pregnant man, *Rabbit Test* pokes fun at every ethnic, professional and non-professional group in America.

The protagonist is Billy Crystal, who plays the homosexual role in television's *Soap*. Surrounding him are some of Rivers' cronies from *Hollywood Squares*: George Gobel, Roddy McDowall, Paul Lynde, and Jimmy Walker.

Rivers also has found roles for her daughter Melissa, husband Edgar, who is the producer, and herself.

She directed the film and co-authored the screenplay with *Hollywood Squares* producer, Jav Redack.

Rivers was a familiar personality, one who makes witty (prepared) answers on game shows and nervous, self-effacing anecdotes as a guest on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*.

It was obviously an audience who grew up with television. The crowd loved her.

Following the short clip, Rivers continued answering as many questions as the audience shouted out.

One feminist asked if all the women in the film were as disgusting as the one portrayed in the clip. RIvers, not hesitating a second, shot out, "Life is not pretty, all the ugliness in the world should be gathered together and turned into humor." The majority of the students applauded.

Not all of her questions were difficult. She had a following and she knew it.

Rivers told her group, "If you like to watch *Saturday Night Live* and if you like the zaniness of Steve Martin, then come see this film."

She added, "It's a women's film. A woman did it. I raised the money, I directed it, I wrote it."

She can be zany and get away with it because she does it well. When Rivers was off camera and off the stage, she sank down into a chair, sipped coffee and spoke with a deep, throaty New York accent.

"I'm not into the Beverly Hills lifestyle," she said. "I buck the whole scene," (noting she doesn't own a tennis court.) "I'm a New Yorker but I *am* used to making right hand turns on red lights."

Rivers has to get the adrenalin flowing before a *Tonight Show* appearance. "I'm a wreck everytime before I go on," she said.

Comedienne and filmmaker Joan Rivers at the Barbary Coast last Monday.
Photo by Walt Weis

Rivers was an English major at Barnard College, but emphasized that she was always funny. "It wasn't a lampshade on the head routine, more a verbal wit. It made me popular with other kids, except for boys, who didn't count," she said.

The turning point of her career came in 1966 with an uproarious appearance on the *Tonight Show*. Her sacrilegious humor and toilet jokes propelled her into a world that was voided with the death of Lenny Bruce.

With a mere mention of Bruce's name, Rivers' face lights up. "God, if it wasn't for Lenny none of us would be here. He was my biggest influence, he was a genius, brilliant. He was reality. He shocked but he wasn't dirty," she said.

Joan Rivers signed autographs and answered all questions. It was almost as if she wanted to match wits with all comers. She enjoyed meeting and mingling with all the different types of people who came to see and hear her.

A man in the crowd wore rabbit ears and she publicly thanked him, congratulating him for "furthering your education."

She gave advice to the students. "Do what you want to do in life – major in anything, but take typing and shorthand."

Rivers felt like she was back in school as she recited the names of the local theaters that will show her film. She had them inked out on her wrists.

Rabbit Test opens Friday, April 21, at the Alhambra, Balboa, New Mission, Serramonte Six and El Rancho Drive-In.

Book View

In His Image: The Cloning of a Man

by L.A. Craig

After reading David Rorvik's new, alleged non-fiction volume, *In His Image – The Cloning of a Man*, your impulse may be to doubt every word of it.

You may also be fascinated, amused, horrified, or just plain pissed-off when Rorvik tells you that the first human clone has been alive for more than a year.

In His Image tells how Rorvik, a veteran free-lance writer whose specialty is articles on genetic engineering, is asked by "Max" (a pseudonym for the wealthy businessman who wanted to be his own heir) to act as intermediary in arranging an "extraordinary experiment" about which "any breach of secrecy would be unforgivable."

Many scientists agree that, given enough money and proper medical facilities, cloning could indeed be achieved. And soon.

But the morality of cloning presents problems for Rorvik.

The strongest moral arguments – both pro and con – come from scientists themselves. Optimists speak of cloning artists, great thinkers, statesmen, athletes and heroes. Some suggest using clones for such dangerous undertakings as space travel, undersea exploration and even spying.

Pessimists conjure up Huxleyesque vision of political misuse of clones in "a brave new world of mindless dopplegangers" and thank their lucky stars that cloning had not been available to Genghis Khan or Hitler. They warn against further genetic experimentation "until and unless we have more knowledge of the possible consequences."

Still others see cloning as a sacrilege.

As "Max" points out: "Most children are told stories about their origins that are far more outlandish than cloning."

After much soul-searching deliberation, Rorvik decides to take part in the plan.

There follows a discreet search for "the right man" to perform the operation – a doctor who would be willing to risk his career on such a controversial procedure and accept responsibility should some miscue produce monstrous results.

A suitable surrogate mother has to be recruited – a woman who would lend her womb to the gestation of a clone – and a remote site for the laboratory has to be found.

The rest of the story deals with the trials of the doctor and his staff – their exhilarated effort when they realize that they are in a race, and their depression when they learn of other scientists' failures.

Rorvik expands his story line by introducing personality clashes between the project's operatives, the others' distrust of him as a "blabbing" journalist, and even a little romantic innuendo.

And, of course, it's no surprise ending when a "nearly perfect" specimen is born.

Perhaps the dullest points in the story come with Rorvik's incessant harping on the significance of his own involvement. And here he may give himself too much credit. True, as intermediary he provides the program with initial impetus. But as he freely admits, he wouldn't have been able to stop things once they got underway.

You don't have to be a biology whiz to be able to understand the technical side of *In His Image*. Rorvik has over-simplified complex medical procedure in the interest of crisp prose.

By the time you get to the actual "operation," however, you've gotten just enough background to know that Cornell Carrot Clones were no fraternity prank and that when Dr. J.B. Burdon of Oxford University "repeatedly cloned an African tree frog," he didn't do it in a fit of passion.

Rorvik takes great pains to make you understand that he must – as is his journalistic prerogative – protect his sources. Throughout, he reiterates the need for eveyone involved to remain anonymous – everyone, that is, except himself. But he succeeds in damaging his own credibility with the prefacing obfuscation:

In some instances, names, dates and descriptive details of both persons and places are at considerable variance with reality; in other instances, the details have been altered little, if at all.

With this in mind from the outset, it should occur to every one of Rorvik's readers that maybe the greatest variance with reality is the author's insistence that the cloning operation was a success.

What Rorvik has to gain by lying becomes obvious when you slap down your $8.95 for the book. What he has to lose is probably nothing. Who can disprove what he says?

SF Symphony Winds

Breezy classics on a Sunday

by Lisa Smith

SF State's 1977-78 Artists' Series closed quietly with works by Mozart, Strauss and Dvorak.

Featured artists were the San Francisco Symphony Winds, David Montgomery, pianist, and Laszlo Varga, cellist. Montgomery and Varga also conducted. Varga is the university's orchestra conductor and teaches chamber music and cello.

Strauss' *Sonata for cello and piano in F major, Opus 6* was the highlight of the Sunday afternoon concert. Orchestrated for winds by Varga, the work lost some of its German robustness but gained a haunting elegance suggestive of Ravel or Debussey.

The orchestration worked best in the second movement, when the chorus of winds intoned the solemn, rich chords just as a church organ would have.

The *allegro con brio* presented difficulties as it disintegrated in the fugal section. Fingering and register problems were evident as the winds tried to bridge gaps in the melodic line. This segment was too pianistic to lend itself easily to orchestration, but the problem could have been solved with a little reworking.

Varga's performance as soloist was strong, especially in the third movement when he showed off his fast left hand and lightning bowstroke in a difficult tremelo passage. Montgomery's conducting was firm and unobtrusive.

The Mozart *Quintet in E flat major, K. 452* was one of the composer's less boisterous works. The ensemble wove the lacey phrases into a delicate, soothing fabric without dropping a stitch.

Symphony winds often function as soloists. The problems of them coming together in ensemble were taken well in hand. The different components worked as harmoniously and precisely as the inner workings of a watch.

Montgomery played piano as it should be in such a work. He integrated his instrument into the ensemble instead of standing out as a soloist. There were timing problems in the second movement but they were compensated for in the final *allegretto* movement. The audience applauded quietly, as if pulled gently into the spirit of the work.

Unfortunately, Dvorak's *Serenade in d minor, Opus 44* was not performed as skillfully as the other works. The ensemble feeling was lost, especially in the *moderato quasi marcia* where imprecise phrasing and poor intonation blurred the musical ideas. It was hard to believe the same group was performing, so disjointed and disappointing its performance was.

Varga was unable to make the ensemble play well, though his conducting did not appear to be ambiguous or unsteady. Some more rehearsal of the fine points and discussion of interpretation might have prevented the difficulty. It wasn't until the finale that the musicians summoned their strength and finished with a flourish.

All in all, the concert was relaxing and pleasant, with no bombastic furiosities or eerie avant garde.

Cellist Lazlo Varga conducting the SF Symphony Winds at McKenna last Sunday.
Photo by Gary Cameron

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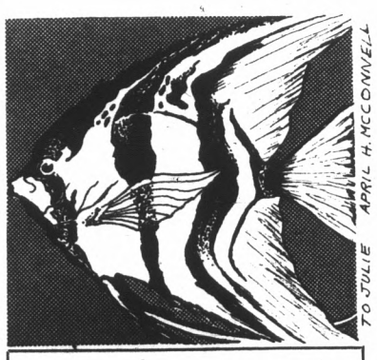

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Opera on film

Bergman's hiatus from psychodrama

by Carol Craig

Who says opera is dull? Not Ingmar Bergman, Swedish film director.

The Magic Flute, Bergman's 1974 film version of Mozart's opera, made its SF State debut last week at McKenna Theater, sponsored by Cinematheque and the Central Opera Service.

John Webber, program director of Cinamatheque, said *The Magic Flute* is the first major opera film on campus.

The screening of *The Magic Flute* was my first visual contact with an opera performance. I asked a friend to join me. I wanted a second opinion. Even with the accomodation of my paying for tickets, she wouldn't take a chance.

Is this what keeps many of us away from opera houses? She told me she didn't want to watch those unattractive, overweight opera singers screaming incomprehensible tunes. She said they all look like they have oatmeal complexions – with the oatmeal still on. And the women's bra sizes alone make a joke out of the full figure of Jane Russell.

But hey! Those Swedish opera stars from *The Magic Flute* were attractive and svelte; they appeared to step right out of *Vogue*. No one seemed to carry any excess pounds.

And, believe it or not, I had a good laugh over the intentional comedy. Bergman's venturesome direction adds a taste of frivolity to a formal expression of fine arts.

The original performances of *The Magic Flute* were in Vienna in 1791. Mozart's music is dramatic. His story is mystical and highly moral. Basically, a good, old-fashioned love story.

It is a fantasy about the quest of Tamino (Josef Kostingler) for Pamina (Irma Urrila), daughter of the Queen of Night.

In contrast to Bergman's psychological dramas, such as *Scenes from a Marriage, Face To Face* and *Cries and Whispers*, his staging and photographic direction in this opera film are happy and light.

At the same time the stage machinery is elaborate, lending a luscious vision to the grandeur of Mozart.

Bergman's cinematic adaptation is effective because it offers surprises. Appealing to a wider audience, Bergman proves opera doesn't have to be esoteric.

One of the unique aspects of *The Magic Flute* is the constant reminder that you are viewing a staged opera. There are repeated cuts to the audience which is sitting in a theatre watching.

The comic sketches possibly overuse cuteness, which may spoil the serious scenes, but they kept the three-fourths full McKenna chuckling and refreshed.

Actors dressed in cuddly *Sesame Street* animal costumes scamper on two feet, charmed by Tamino's flute of magic. A walrus claps while a bear peeks shyly over Tamino's shoulder.

A random group of guards, dressed in floppy star-shaped hats, dance in lobotomized emptiness while hypnotized by magical bells of vision.

At the end, when the green curtain closed in front of the blank screen and the lights went on some of the audience staggered out of the theatre looking bored. Those who stayed gathered in the first 10 rows to join in a panel discussion of the film.

Stanley Eichelbaum, movie critic, and Michael Walsh, music critic, both of the San Francisco *Examiner*, joined Webber on stage to exchange opinions of Bergman, Mozart and the merging of opera and film.

On another note, Walsh and Eichelbaum set a striking contrast. Serious Walsh pored over notes. His thick brown hair and beard drew attention to Eichelbaum's bald head and elfish ears. Alert and smiling, Eichelbaum strained and tittered in his high-pitched voice.

"This is the best opera film I've ever seen," Eichelbaum said. "It's not easy to reproduce the excitement of a live opera in a film. But it's better than paying $35."

Musically, *The Magic Flute* becomes more of a film and less of a stage play, Walsh said.

"After a while, Mozart tends to communicate with you directly, and even though it's done in Swedish you seem to forget it's a foreign language," he said.

Bergman has directed operas for the Royal Opera in Stockholm for 16 years. He has bridged the gap between staged opera and film.

The English subtitles are convenient and lyrical. The actors and actresses were chosen first for looks (they are a striking bunch), second for acting ability and third for singing ability.

There are artistic sensual scenes. "Mozart was an erotic composer," Walsh said.

"It isn't the best *Magic Flute* sung, but it does look good," Eichelbaum said.

Kollwitz

Above: One of the Kathe Kollwitz drawings on exhibit here.
The Kollwitz exhibition of engravings, drawings and sculptures will be showing at SF State through Friday, May 5

Kollwitz is internationally known for her works depicting the condition of working class men and women. Her images of hardship and death which were evoked during the two World Wars are among some of the most powerful of the 20th century. She has been described as "the artist of the proletariat." Her works sometimes appear crude by fine art standards, but her only aim was expression.

The SF State Student Union Gallery is showing this powerful exhibition from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. weekdays, and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays.

Creative Campus

a weekly calendar of events

Associated Students Performing Arts will be presenting two comedy and improvisational groups: the High Wire Radio Choir and Spaghetti Jam on April 27 at noon in the Barbary Coast. Free.

Showcase Theatre presents *Albert is Dead*, an original one-act play written and directed by SF State student Brook Stowe, on Tuesday, April 25, at 1 p.m. in CA 104. Free.

Designed as a mood piece, the play attempts to explore the various unwholesome currents which flowed under the surface of many 1940s grade-B crime films.

Albert is Dead stars Blaine Steele as a wisecracking private eye and Barbara Levy as a woman in trouble.

The Union Depot presents Ralph Mitchell, folk guitarist, on Thursday, April 20, from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. Free.

The Muatta Keyatta Quartet, a popular African jazz group, will present a free noon concert on Friday, April 21, in the Barbary Coast.

The Student Poetry Reading Series continues on Friday, April 21, at noon in Student Union Conference Room B116. Featured readers will be Eric Selland and Edwin Drummond. An open reading will follow.

The SF State University Symphonic Band, conducted by Roger Nixon, will present a free mid-day concert on Thursday, April 20 at the east entrance to the Student Union at 11 a.m.

Brown Bag Theatre presents *A Battle of Wits* by Norman Williams at noon in CA 102 today through Friday. Free. The play is a comedy using the traditional forms of Chinese theatre.

Next week Brown Bag will feature *Paris '90* by Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Moonshoes, an electro-magnetic ballet, will premiere at the SF State Planetarium on April 26 at 4 p.m., and on April 28 and 29 at 8:00 p.m. The program will feature contemporary music and lumia performed in the unique atmosphere of the Planetarium. Designed by Timothy Lambert. Free. PSS 422.

National Dance Week is April 24 to 30. The SF State Dance Department will sponsor a program of events, including information, performances and lecture demonstrations at Gym 106, noon - 1 p.m. For information contact Susan Spitzer at 661-8818.

The S.F. Spring Opera offers a special student rate for tonight's and Saturday's performance of *Elegy for Young Lovers*, a 20th century English language opera. Tickets, normally $14 are $3 for students who make reservations by calling 673-4400.

The gospel rock band, Chalise, will play in front of the Student Union on Tuesday, April 25, at noon. Free.

Cinematheque presents film director Martha Coolidge in person with a screening of *Not a Pretty Picture* on Thursday, April 20, at noon and again at 7:30 p.m. at McKenna Theatre.

At 1:15 p.m. on April 20 Cinematheque features filmmaker Hollis Frampton with new works including *Birth of Magellan*, in Ed 117; and at 2 p.m. *Chronicle* rock critic Joel Selvin discusses the 1965 *Rock 'n Roll T.A.M.I. Show* which featured the Rolling Stones and others.

On Wednesday, April 26, *Easy Rider* with Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson will be screened at 7:30 p.m. at McKenna. $1 for students.

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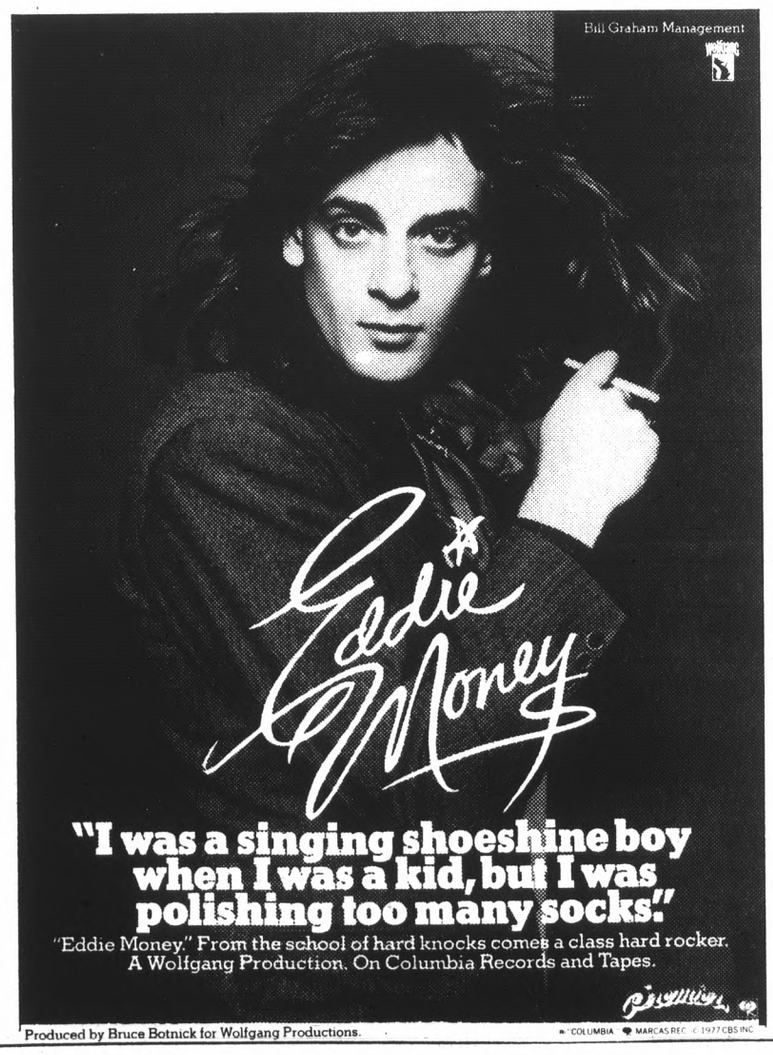
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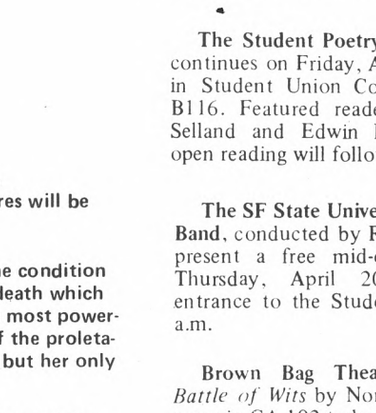

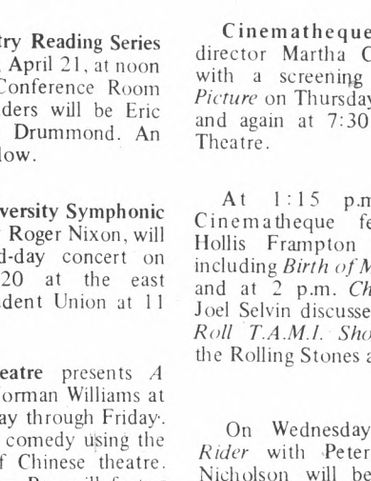

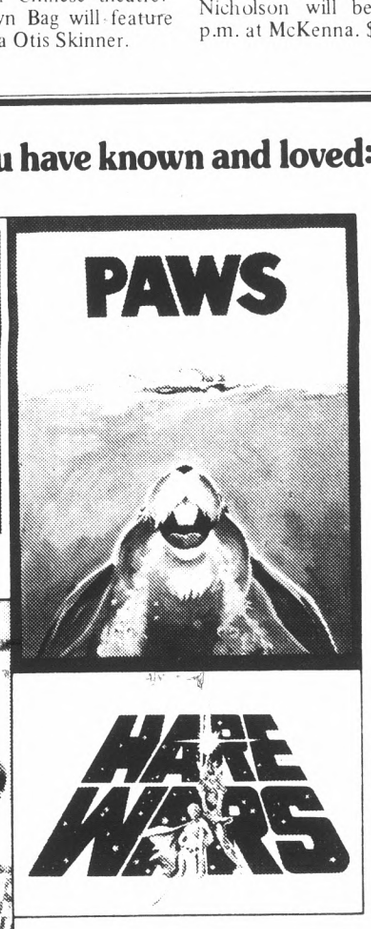

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SPORTS

ROUNDUP

BASEBALL –
The Gators host Cal State Sacramento **tomorrow at 2:30 p.m.** and then travel to the capital to play a doubleheader on Saturday . . . *Pat Pace* sparked two SF State wins last week with his fine pitching.

SOFTBALL –
This **Sunday** SF State plays Humboldt State at **11 a.m.** The game is a makeup for last week's rain-out.

TRACK –
Saturday at 11 a.m. the Gators host UC Davis in a dual meet. SF State is 3-3 overall and 1-3 in Far Western Conference action.

WOMEN'S TENNIS –
The team hosts two non-league matches this week. **Today at 3 p.m.** City College of San Francisco invades 19th and Holloway. Palomar College plays here **Saturday at 10 a.m.**

MEN'S TENNIS –
SF State plays Cal State Hayward here **Friday at 3 p.m.**

Rebounding

by Rod Herman

Hundreds of Warriors fans sat glued to the speakers of their radios last week, awaiting what would turn out to be the end of the local five's season.

For some, the game probably seemed as important as the final game of the championship round. Certainly it was the most important game of the Warriors' season up to that point.

While the game against Seattle would, in fact, make or break the Warriors' season, in the greater scheme of things the game was of little importance.

True, the Warriors would have advanced into the playoffs with a win, but in the long run they would easily have been eliminated.

So many people made the game seem like a Super Bowl of sorts. In reality the Warriors were trying to salvage a sub-par year. They really had no business being anywhere near the playoffs in the first place.

The way the NBA has its playoffs set up, a team can play rotten ball for two-thirds of the year, and still manage to sneak into the post-season games.

An excellent example of the absurdity of the NBA playoffs is this year's Portland Trailblazer team. For five-and-a-half months they were unbeatable and looked a good bet to break the Lakers' all-time season record of 69-13.

Suddenly, injuries hit the Blazers, one after another. Now, they are in the playoffs, but stand little chance of winning it.

The Milwaukee Bucks, on the other hand, played mediocre ball for most of the season and backed into the playoffs after the Warriors lost to Seattle. Still, if they get hot for a few weeks, and advance to a series with Portland, chances are they will win.

It is absolutely ridiculous for a team that finished barely above the .500 mark to be in a playoff series with a team that won nearly 20 more games.

Baseball has the best playoff system. If you don't win your division, your season ends with the last game. Basketball should follow suit and limit the playoffs to division winners, regardless of how close two teams are in the standings.

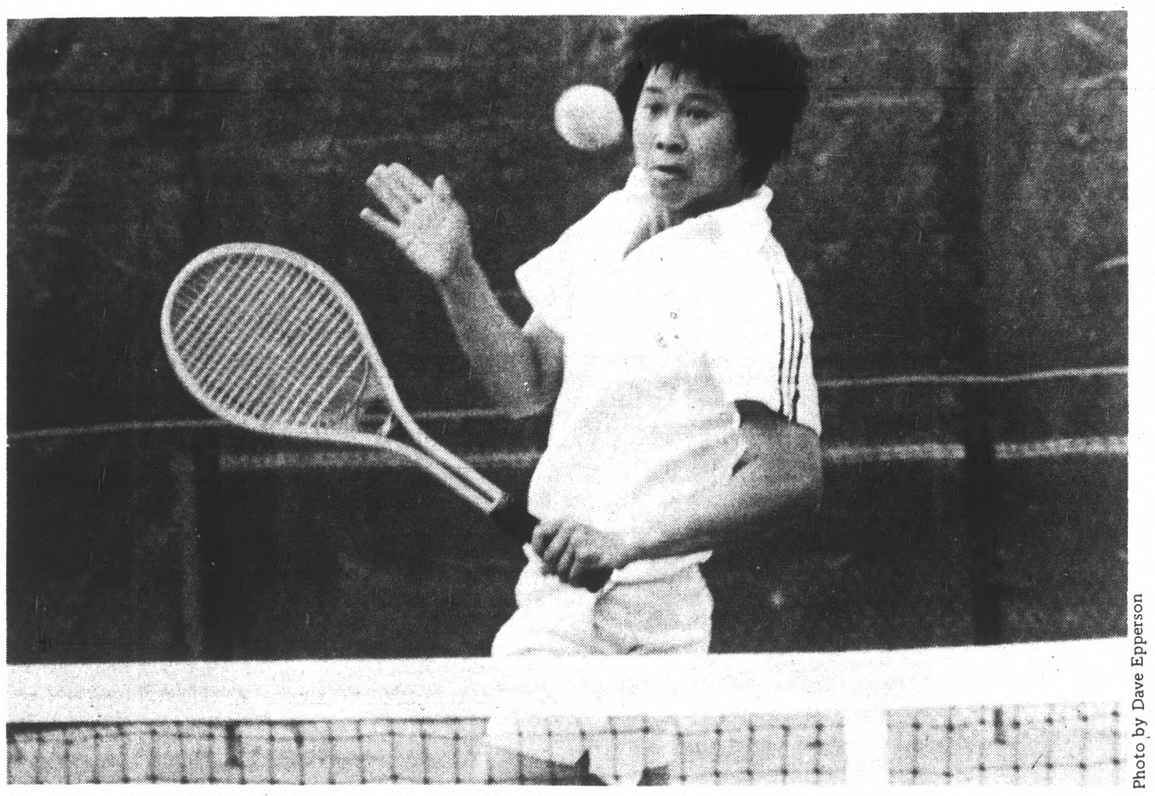

Photo by Dave Epperson

Use the racquet, not your hand! Ray Jeung concentrates on returning a shot against Nevada-Reno.

Sun sets on tennis teams

by Jack Bettridge

The sun was slowly falling behind Verducci Hall, popping in and out from behind an occasional cloud. The dormies were hanging out the windows and making noise, and, on the courts below, the SF State Gators wery losing a tennis match to the University of Nevada-Reno.

The Nevada coach walked around, smugly congratulating his team members on their wins as David Irwin, SF State coach, dejectedly considered the match and awaited the results of matches yet to be finished.

Ray Jeung, the Gators' number four player, was hanging on in a hard-fought match with Gary Kittay. He had lost the first set, 4–6, and had come back, 6–2, in the second. They struggled through the last set, and a few Nevada players and some fans from Reno stayed around to watch.

Jeung and Kittay played out the match slowly, changing sides and flipping the game-score indicators as they went. Both players showed signs of tiring and took more frequent drinks from the ball cans filled with water on the sidelines.

Jeung eventually lost the match in a tiebreaker and walked off the court to the water fountain. Irwin tagged along to console him. The Reno coach immediately started giving tips to Kittay on how he might have beaten Jeung easier.

As the sun set last Thursday SF State lost to Reno, 7–2, and extended its losing record to six against one win.

In a match which Irwin expected to lose, but admitted "we could have done better," there were few highlights. Elmer Reyes, the number six player, beat Brian Carolo, 6–2, 6–2. Reyes and Jeung teamed up in number three doubles to beat Carolo and Stevenson, 6–4, 6–2.

The SF State women hosted the Reno women last Friday. Playing a different brand of tennis, slower and more calculated, eschewing the power stroke to wait for the opponent's mistake, the women had luck similar to the men's.

They fell to Reno, 7–2. Robin Fields, playing in the nuber two spot, took her match, and Terry McHenry and Kelly Hannigan, the number three doubles team, also won.

In spite of the one-sided score, SF State's women's coach, Maxine Green, felt the match was close.

"The sets were mostly close, 6–4, 6–3. Only one or two were lost, six-love," she said.

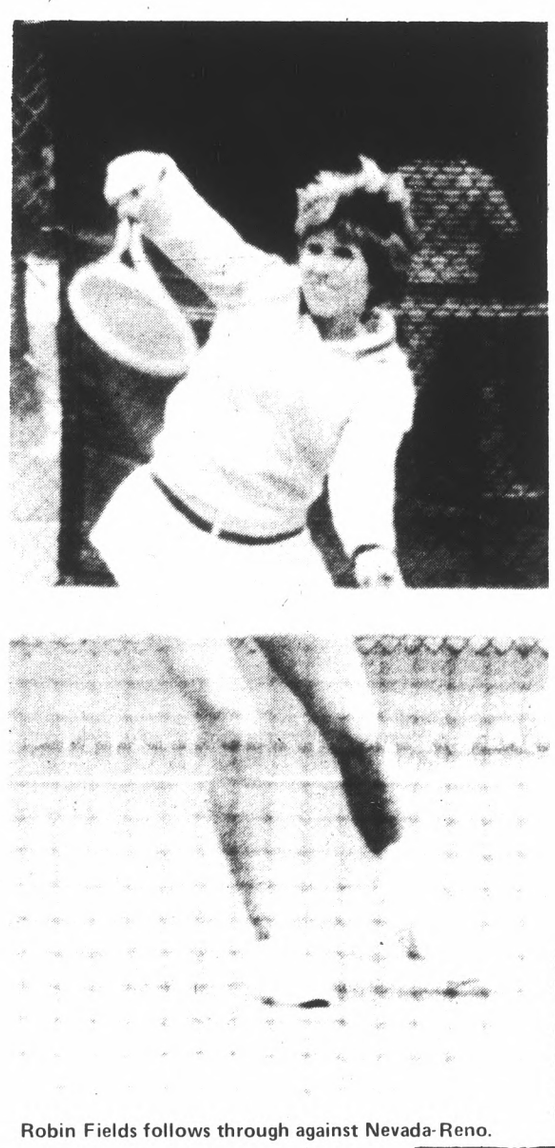

Photo by Joan Kadin

Robin Fields follows through against Nevada-Reno.

ED LIT

Peaches and cream

If Jimmy Carter were transposed into a football coach, he would come out with the name of Pete McCulley.

The warm, charming smile, the Southern upbringing and the Baptist ingraining are characteristics shared by the president and the new San Francisco 49er head football coach.

Looking and listening to McCulley, you know where he's been. His trimmed hair and spit-shined shoes signal a military influence. McCulley served a coaching apprenticeship at the U.S. Naval Academy before entering the National Football League. His son is now enrolled at Annapolis and plays football.

Hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet. Throw in Howard Johnson's, where Pete has bunked down since his arrival in San Francisco, and you have a man who exemplifies America. McCulley said, "I've never been out of the country, only once to Mexico when I was coaching in Houston."

McCulley lived in the same house when he coached at the Naval Academy, Baltimore and Washington. Annapolis was centrally located and the McCulley's were more than comfortable there.

In Baltimore he formed a relationship with Joe Thomas, the current 49er general manager and former G.M. of the Colts, that eventually brought McCulley to San Francisco as the head coach.

Many NFL coaches want the power to make general management decisions. George Allen always demands it and Monty Clark left the 49ers because he could not have it.

McCulley said, "I feel comfortable letting Joe Thomas make trades. That's his job; my job is to direct the team on the field – coach."

He considers Thomas to be "the best general manager in the NFL." McCulley said, "I want a close working relationship with my boss. If I'm off base, I'll listen."

McCulley takes his time when he talks. He never rushes, speaking in a deliberate cadence. He currently puts in 18 hours a day, preparing for football season. His assistant coaches report at 8 a.m., but McCulley rises at 3 a.m. "to prepare for the day and for the coaches."

He said, "I'm willing to put in more hours, to be more successful than others." But he added that others don't have to put in all that time. "Some people have more talent than others," he said. "I haven't seen a movie in 10 years."

When McCulley answers questions he sounds like a politician. He is evasive, never pinpointing weaknesses or blaming certain members of the team for poor past performances. His smile eases him out of a predicament.

Whenever the name of O.J. Simpson pops up in conversation, McCulley's face lights up. He looks forward to watching O.J. "run for those long gainers down the field."

McCulley has been a quarterback coach ever since coming out of Louisiana Tech where he was an all-conference quarterback. He is content having Jim Plunkett as his number one signal caller. McCulley said, "Jim Plunkett has been successful in the past and he will succeed in the future."

The 49ers were unsuccessful in the past, when the plays were called from the sidelines. The first thing McCulley said to Plunkett was, "Hey Jim, you're gonna call your own plays." McCulley sees Plunkett working hard all the time. He knows he has desire.

Pete McCulley has desire, dedication and determination to succeed as a head football coach. He didn't take a chance before when he could have had the same job last year. "The time was right, now," he said.

McCulley has elected to have his wife Nettie remain in Annapolis while he straightens out matters here.

The new 49er coach is a true spartan. His military mannerisms reflect his personal and coaching habits.

He will invoke a bed check on all his players before games. If the players are missing, they will be fined. The more they miss, the larger the fine will get.

Pete McCulley's life is a wholesome combination of religion, military and football. He doesn't want to give it up.

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Saturday at Kezar Stadium

San Francisco hosts Special Olympics

by Michael Musser

Mayor George Moscone has proclaimed this week "Special Olympics Week." There will be speeches, benefit performances, a rally and strong media coverage, all aimed at informing the public about a very special sports spectacular.

The San Francisco County Special Olympics commences this Saturday at Kezar Stadium when several hundred mentally retarded boys, girls, men and women compete for recognition and sports stardom in their own special realm of the athletic world.

This is the sixth annual Special Olympics sponsored by the San Francisco Park and Recreation Department. Gene Washington, wide receiver for the San Francisco 49ers, is honorary chairman and master of ceremonies for the sports festival that promises to provide all the pageantry and excitement of the true Olympics.

The Special Olympics began in Chicago in 1968 with a national meet for some 1,000 mentally handicapped children. The event was co-sponsored by the Joseph Kennedy Foundation and has since grown to national acclaim. Participants come from all 50 states, and many foreign countries.

The San Francisco games include a variety of sporting events: basketball, volleyball, bowling, swimming, gymnastics, and track and field.

According to Vernon Becket, treasurer of the San Francisco County Special Olympics Committee, the participation is for retarded of all ages. "Besides the children, we have some people 60 years old who have been in mental institutions for most of their lives," he said.

Becket said all the participants come from some 26 different social welfare agencies and schools in the San Francisco area. "All of these people share learning disabilities and are unable to learn at a normal rate," he said.

The Special Olympics considers participation and interaction among the contestants more important than record-setting. The primary function of the different sporting events is to facilitate physical, social, and psychological development of the mentally retarded.

Although winners of individual events are honored in true Olympian fashion, there are no losers and all contestants receive a ribbon for their participation.

A small percentage of the winners at the San Francisco competition will qualify to advance to the state games scheduled for late June at UCLA. From there, further qualification will take them to national competition later this summer in Washington, D.C.

The mainstream of support for the Special Olympics rests with the ardent dedication of volunteers. Funding for the games comes primarily from donations.

Training programs are encouraged year round and are usually conducted through schools in the different counties. The programs are for broader aspects of physical education and not solely for the specific Special Olympics events. About 40 per cent of the nation's school systems devote some of their resources to the training programs.

****

The schedule of events for the Special Olympics is:

Saturday, April 22, Track and Field events at Kezar Stadium, 8:30 a.m.

Bowling: April 25, Castle Lanes, San Francisco, 8 a.m.

Volleyball: April 26, Victoria Station World Headquarters, 11 a.m.

Gymnastics: April 27, Kezar Pavilion, 6:30 p.m.

Basketball: April 28, Victoria Station World Headquarters, 11 a.m.

Swimming: April 29, Balboa Pool, 8 a.m.

From start to finish. Driver receives instructions, hits the green light and takes final turn on track course. Photos by Gary Cameron

Grand Prix auto racing

Red, yellow, and I didn't wait for green

by Ed Lit

The white racing helmet had some scratches and dents on it and the first thought that buzzed through my mind was that this helmet was involved in quite a few crashes.

Nevertheless, I walked nervously up to the fence, the chained links that surround the racing track. The signs say, "Malibu Grand Prix Cars are real formula racers — Scaled down so you can race...Go as fast as you can, but please STAY ON THE TRACK.

* * *

After a few days of rain, I drove over the Bay Bridge to Malibu Grand Prix, next to the Oakland Coliseum. Managers Scott Ingmanson and Steve Vanderpool were there to greet me and explain about their enterprise that opened last November.

They said there are now 14 race tracks operated by Malibu, nine in California, with Redwood City and Oakland the closest to San Francisco. Malibu is part of Warner Communications, of Warner Brothers movie fame.

About 1,200 persons walk through the doors each day. Only 300 drive the cars, but there is more to do than drive and watch the racing. Every imaginable arcade-type machine is available for the enjoyment of all ages. Malibu is also equipped with a snack bar.

But the cars and the thrill of racing is what draws the people and that's why I was there.

The cars are called Virages, total formula cars, built for racing. The Virage is a scaled-down version of the racers seen at Indianapolis. The purpose: to bring the challenge of single-seater racing into the reach of millions.

The cost is $1.25 a lap. 10 laps or more is priced at $1 a lap. If a racing car enthusiast wants to play A.J. Foyt, he or she can purchase a book of 20 laps for $18.25, but you have to arrive before 6 p.m.

The half-mile-track record in Oakland is 52.73 second, held by a truck driver from San Leandro.

Vanderpool said that it's best to do only five laps at a time.

"You have to get out and rest because it takes a great deal of concentration. It's physically exhausting; after a while you lose your reflexes. I have great respect for Grand Prix racers now," he said.

* * *

I was ready to start my maiden three laps.

There's another sign in the pit area that says, "Drive smoothly — Avoid hitting berms — Accelerate at the apex of curves — Don't power brake — Avoid locking brakes."

Pat Elek, the pit boss, filled me in on procedures. Because of my anxiety, I only heard a few words. What stuck in my mind was, "If you spin out and end up in the grass, stay there, we will put you back on the track ourselves."

I did not want to embarass myself.

The battered helmet was secured, I climbed into the white, number five Virage, checked where the brake was, because that would be my protection from spinning out, and promptly eased up to the starting line.

There was no turning back.

Red, yellow and there it was — the green light. I floored the metal accelerator and it was off to the races.

The first part of the track is filled with numerous S turns. I played it safe, taking too much time but still it was difficult staying in the center of the track. I hit all the embankments, feeling every bump.

Round and round I went, knowing damn well that my time was a disgrace. I came out of the last spin, crossed the checkered flag and checked the automated time flashing on the tower.

It was a disgrace. The time was 78.23 and as I drove by the pit stop I saw Vanderpool. I covered my face and headed for the starting line, determined to better my time for the second lap.

I anticipated the green light, tightened up my grip and took the hard S turns much better. The vibrations of the car and my breathing were in synch. We were one and working together as a team.

The black-and-white flag focused sooner than expected and I frantically turned for the timer. I felt good. A whole 13 seconds off my first lap. It read 65.21.

Vanderpool came up to me and gave me some inside information. Or at least I thought it was. He said, "When you take the last two wide turns you can floor it. They're wide enough to go full acceleration."

Now was my chance to show off. I was going for the truck driver's record. I'd show 'em.

Red, yellow, and I didn't wait for the green. Perfect timing, no false start. But my speed was too fast and I didn't have the skill to take all the turns. I was riding the embankments, not driving smoothly.

It was a struggle. I didn't play the angles, constantly using my brake because I was going off the track.

I tried too hard; I wanted to drive fast. I was careless and ended up with a similar time of 65.72.

It was all over. I had tired arms for a trophy but I was filled with contentment.

Gator women are champions at badminton tournament

by Rod Herman

On a team basis, SF State's badminton team had a rough outing last weekend in Davis. On an individual basis, the Gators were tough.

Despite a fourth-place finish in the four-team Golden State Conference, the Gators managed to win both the women's singles and women's doubles championships and take a third in mixed doubles.

Donna Stallone and Angela Wong were the heroines of the tournament for SF State. Stallone won in singles and teamed with Wong to capture the doubles title. Wong and Manuel Chow finished second in mixed doubles.

Kim Rickman, in somewhat of a surprise to her coach, took third in women's singles.

"Kim was the dark horse of the entire tournament," said Frieda Lee, Gator coach. "I was extremely happy with her play."

The Gators finished the season with an 0-6 record, in last place.

But at the tournament the play of the women, Wong and Stallone in particular, had to be pleasing to Lee. "I wanted them to play well, and they did," she said. "I didn't know how well we would do, but the women really turned out to be a high point.

"We were a very close-knit group. The tournament was double-elimination. Those on our team that lost early in the tournament stayed around and really rooted for the players that we still had alive."

Ill-fate plagued the men's side of the team this season. With a little luck the Gators could have run away with the league title. But coaches always talk about what might have been.

The number one and number two players from last season (Kaan Ting and Ted Yasahardja) both had to sit out this season because of their jobs. Both will be back next season, according to Lee. Four weeks ago, Thomas Luu, a league favorite in singles, had to leave the team unexpectedly.

"If they had all been with the team, there's no doubt that we would have finished undefeated," Lee said.

But she is satisfied with the impressive women's showing. She is applying for funds to send both Stallone and Wong to San Diego for the state tournament, May 5, 6 and 7, as the Golden State Conference representatives in women's singles and doubles.

Neither Lee nor Wong are sure of their chances in San Diego. The Gators haven't played outside of the league this year, so they don't know what the other schools in the state are like.

"I know that Fresno State is strong this year," Lee said. "And Donna beat Natalie Alameda of Hayward, who was the number one player in Northern California last year."

Wong said "we'll play as well as we're capable of playing. The players in Southern California are good. A lot of the nation's best players are down there. We'll just have to see what happens.

"We didn't go into the (GSC) tournament saying, 'Yeah, we'll win it.' We just tried our best and ended up winning. We'll have to approach the state meet the same way."

Miller SPORTS AWARD

Athlete of the Week

Pat Pace

5' 10" JR from Porterville

The Gator pitcher picked up a a win and a saved in baseball action last week.

The right-hander hurled 13 innings, allowing only three hits and one run.

S. F. State hosts Sacramento State Friday at 2:30 pm on Maloney Field.

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BACKWORDS

A dose of the City's hottest dancing spots

by Laurie Strand

Disco has become a contagious disease of the senses – the "me" generation has discovered the ultimate energy rush which dissolves the mind into a pulsating mass of hot-blooded selfhood.

Some blame the dance explosion on John Travolta's electric performance in *Saturday Night Fever*, luring youthful Americans to dreams of becoming number one – if only on the dance floor. Discos are a place to survive and "stay alive."

Others attribute the new love of disco dancing to an obsessive search for self-indulgent kicks; simply another manifestation of the hedonistic 70s.

Whatever is behind the rush to dance, San Francisco's discos are thriving. Saturday night finds long lines of customers outside the city's more popular discotheques, willing to wait and pay for the golden moments inside.

Each club seems to attract its own clientele, as if customers possess an instinct for sensing out their peers.

The most diverse crowd can be found at The City, a favorite dancing institution in North Beach. "Everybody who knows anything about dancing has been to The City at one time or another," claims one connoisseur of discotheques

The decor is ultra-modern *Star Wars* genre, the dress is chic or funky, or both, depending on one's taste. And the dancers are serious. The performance of synchronized couples is probably the result of nightly practice in front of wardrobe mirrors. Their techniques are perfected to show business quality.

"They have better dancers here than anywhere else," said a frequent customer. "And I go dancing about four times a week."

Two women in Danskin tights and skirts do a complicated series of steps and turns across the floor. A man rapidly twirls a gorgeous black woman in a flame red dress. Two tall slender men gracefully dance cheek to cheek, their feet in perfect rhythm.

"I like it here because it's a nice, mixed crowd," a male regular says. "Gays blended with straights makes a party look better."

Two young women express a similar opinion. "It's the best disco we've been to, you can't find a better place as far as the people and the music. It's not a place where you come to talk to a guy and he expects you to go to bed with him," one woman says.

Her friend adds, "We've always danced. *Saturday Night Fever* didn't change anything for us. Though it did give us a little motivation!"

The man collecting a $2 cover charge at the door said, *Saturday Night Fever* has improved the club's business. The City's Monday night dance class taught by Karen Lustgarten usually draws about 100 to 175 people.

One young man less interested in perfecting his dancing technique says, "I come to pick up women, get into a potential relationship and whatever else happens along the way. The women here are about a five on a scale of one to ten. Nothin' outrageous, nothin' like the women at the Sun Grove."

People who aren't dancing watch those on the dance floor closely, measuring movements, judging coordination. Hardly anyone stands completely still; as they sip drinks some part of their anatomy is twitching, shaking or tapping.

The City doesn't cater to *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack groupies. Many of the songs have a Latin beat which seems to appeal to serious dancers who elevate disco dancing to an art.

If your feet crave the Bee Gees, another San Francisco dancing club is only too happy to oblige.

The illustriously named Dance Your Ass Off (D.Y.A.O.) reverberates with *Nite Fever* and *You Should be Dancing*. And although the "Frisco Disco" may boast the second largest dance floor in town, the crowd is definitely less chic than those at The City.

The mood is looser and less sophisticated. Used sofas line the walls, girls run around in stocking feet.

Tourists straight off the cable cars are attracted inside by the name. One middle-aged man from Austin, Texas said he came "so I can go home and tell folks I went to a place called Dance Your Ass Off in Frisco. The only thing different here from back home is they don't play any slow music here, just fast," he adds.

D.Y.A.O.'s disco pitch never lets up, and couples maneuver to get into colored spotlights which scan the floor. A woman who must have seen *Turning Point* too many times does pirouettes across the floor.

"It kind of reminds me of a prom in a high school auditorium," says one customer of D.Y.A.O.'s atmosphere.

D.Y.A.O. is currently undergoing a face lift to keep up with the demand for "contemporary" decor, according to owner Stu Goldberg.

New equipment being installed includes a new disco sound booth and speakers, 12 ellipsoidal spotlights, three spinners, a rainbow strobe light, 12 raceways. All of the electronic paraphernalia is designed to spur the people on the floor to dance faster, longer and better – pumping them up for an explosive rush from pounding music and flashing lights.

Goldberg credits *Saturday Night Fever* with stirring up San Francisco's disco craze, pointing out that dance lessons offered at his club have tripled since the movie came out. "It created a tremendous resurgence as far as interest in dance goes. Nobody's inhibited when it comes to kissing and hugging, but when it comes to music they say, 'I can't do that.' After seeing the movie, they think, 'I can do that.' "

A vivacious woman who has been taking disco lessons at D.Y.A.O. for the last month put it another way. "Dancing gives me the freedom to move with an arrogancy – to act cocky and sexy at the same time."

The dark haired telephone operator says she goes "disco-ing" every weekend and sometimes during the week, usually with other girlfriends. "If the guy dances good, you don't care what he looks like. Besides, if someone is really attractive and they dance like shit, they're not so attractive anymore. You can usually tell who's sensual and who isn't by the way they dance and move their body.

"I don't like it crowded on the dance floor," she adds shaking her Sassoon coiffed hair, "I like to be on show."

Everyone is on show at Eppaminondas, a recently opened disco on Bay Street.

Customers take the sign posted outside the heavy wooden doors seriously. It reads: "No jeans, T-shirts, tennis shoes, etc. allowed. Wear dresses, suits, fashion jeans. . . . BETTER DRESS EQUALS BETTER SCORES."

Inside, a silver sequined blonde brushes past a silk shirted leisure suit. Pink and yellow gauze dresses straight out of I. Magnin's windows float down the steps to the packed dance floor.

The sunken dance floor is a narcissist's paradise, with mirrored ceilings and walls reflecting images ad infinitum. Red and yellow lights flash electric messages to the dancers.

Overheard are frantic requests to borrow pens to jot down a new acquaintence's phone number. "Is this *Saturday Night Fever* or *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*?" someone asks sardonically.

A 21-year-old from Hayward surveys the crowded dance floor and the bar behind it, her black silk blouse tightly wrapped around her. "I like to dance," she admits, "but mostly I like to hustle and be hustled. If you're gonna be a good girl, don't come to the city."

San Francisco, she explains, is "looser and less pretentious. Across the Bay, men take a little longer to pick you up – they'll buy you drinks first and talk. Here they get right to it real quick: it's 'you wanna do it or not.' " She turns back to scanning the crowded room speculatively.

A square jawed USF student sporting a John Travolta haircut is blunt about what he wants. "I'm trying to pick up about a size eight to seven-and-a-half. Though I will go down to a size seven," he grins, twisting his mouth into a macho sneer.

He offers another bit of enlightening information, pointing at two friends he is standing with. "We're not friends when we go to discos. Why? Well, you ever heard of Darwin? Well, only the fittest will survive here, and sometimes we compete for the same girls." *Stayin' Alive* blasts out and he walks off with a 5'4" woman who asks him to dance with a flashing smile.

Diane Keaton's face might pop up at Eppaminondas. Apparently the Latin Hustle isn't the only kind of hustle going on at some discos. A gray suited suited stockbroker explained, "Guys go into a bar for women. In a disco you don't need liquid courage to approach a girl. Dancing is the perfect medium to meet people."

"This place is really alive," another dancer says emphatically. The dance floor is alive with dancers expressing their libidos. The floor is so crowded that bodies can only twist rhythmically.

Eppaminondas is "hot" now, but discos in general seem to be an ephemeral phenomenon, gaining and losing popularity at the whims of the clientele.

A year ago Oil Can Harry's was the rage. The low key atmosphere and large dance floor was studded with choice dancers. "This place used to be fantastic. Now it's dead," claims a woman dressed in a black vest and necktie with no shirt. Heavy black eyeliner rings her blue eyes.

An androgynous crowd swirls on the floor, men with men, women with women and women with men. Apparently there is too much space on the floor. According to one patron, "at this other place I go to, Alfie's, it's more crowded, hotter and the music is louder. It gives you more of a drive to dance."

"The more sweating bodies, the better," his partner adds. "When you're out there in the middle of a jam dancing, you feel on top of the world."

But according to the disco crowd "you haven't been to a disco until you've been to the Trocadero."

Trocadero Transfer may be the frenzied peak of disco dancing in the city. Located in an old renovated warehouse on Fourth Street, the club stays open until 5 a.m. and doesn't serve alcohol. Hard core dance fanatics shell out a $12 admission charge. Members pay $75 in yearly dues, but they still pay a nightly fee of $5; $7 for guests.

People tell how they had to wait an hour and a half in line to get in on Saturday night after other discos close. If you can't stop dancing the Trocadero is the place to go.

And what a place to go. Disco fever rages hot and heavy inside, poppers and cocaine abound, dancing is uninhibited and exhibitionistic.

"You really have to get cranked up with coke or MDA to come here and dance, since they don't sell alcohol," says a male model in his late twenties standing by the open juice bar. Grape and apple juice is served instead of gin and vodka.

A tropical mood prevails with artificial palm trees clustered in corners and white billows of canvas hanging above the dance floor.

Latin disco music is played so loudly the floor vibrates. Songs go on and on, 10 to 15 minutes long. The exotic fantasy of having been magically transported to a decadent Brazilian bar is enhanced with lyrics like, "on a hot and sultry night like this, when its too hot to touch your lover . . . "

Several dancing men wield large silver fans, swooping them open and shut over their heads in graceful rhythm with the music. Others cool themselves with palmetto leaf fans.

When the song crescendos into a Puerto Rican drumbeat, some of the crowd on the dance floor emit jungle noises, it is easy to imagine macaws flying overhead and orangutans hiding in the palm trees.

Sweat drips off faces and bare torsos; many men have removed their shirts, tucking them in their back pants pockets.

The sickly sweet smell of amyl nitrate mingles with perspiration scented bodies. Some dancers seem to have been on the floor for hours, their boundless energy not coming from the urgent music, but silver vials of poppers lifted to nostrils.

"Trocadero is like a marathon," a man in mock army fatigues says, moving restlessly. "I like to go about once or twice a month and just dance my brains out." His left eyelid twitches, and he says "When you're dancing you don't have to think, just let yourself drown in the music, your mind is blocked out, it's just the beat and your body."

Another dance addict explained, "It's a chance to let loose from daily structures, letting your body fly. You're suspended in time; you forget if you've been out on the dance floor for two minutes or two hours."

Strobe lights flash on, illuminating a mass of bodies caught in spasmodic motion. One man down on his knees weaves seductively to his partner's lower torso. Two punk rockers let loose their shoving dance of sadistic mockery, the man pushing his female partner roughly to the ground. Trocadero is the height of the bizarre disco scene, where no one pays attention to other's absurdities acted out on the dance floor.

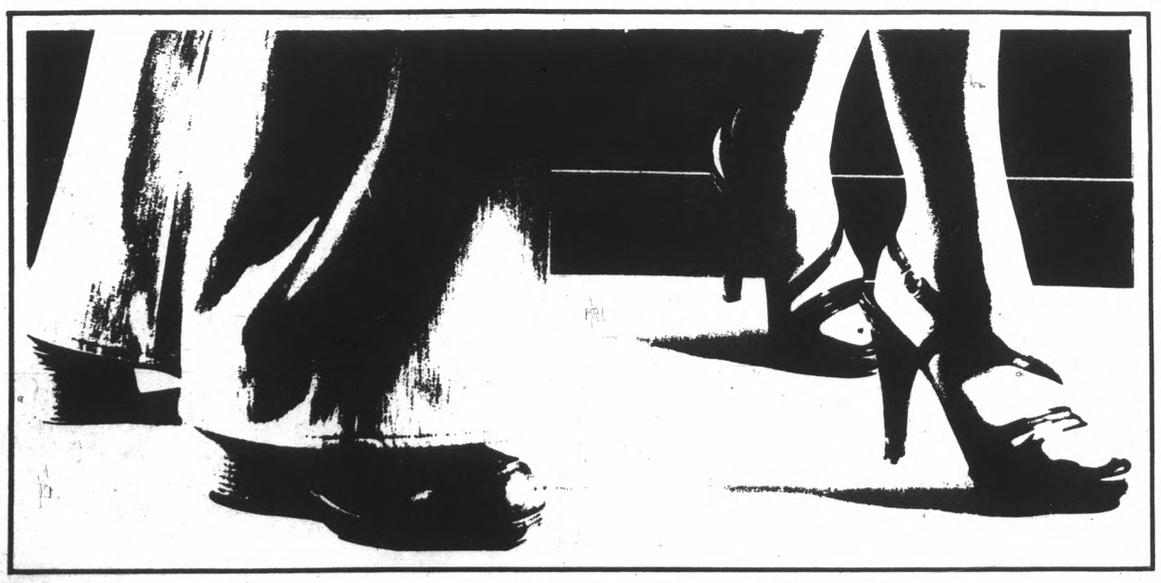
Disco fever seems to be raging throughout the city, with different motivations for every participant. But whether the discoers are dancing to show off, strut their stuff, or just exercise, it seems to have a cathartic effect on most.

Dancers consistently say that dancing is "a release" and "it's an outlet." Restless energy is spent on the dance floor.

So the music pounds louder and louder, and the people move faster and faster until they're blasted into an oblivion of motion and noise – at least for a few minutes.

Photos by Lynn Carey

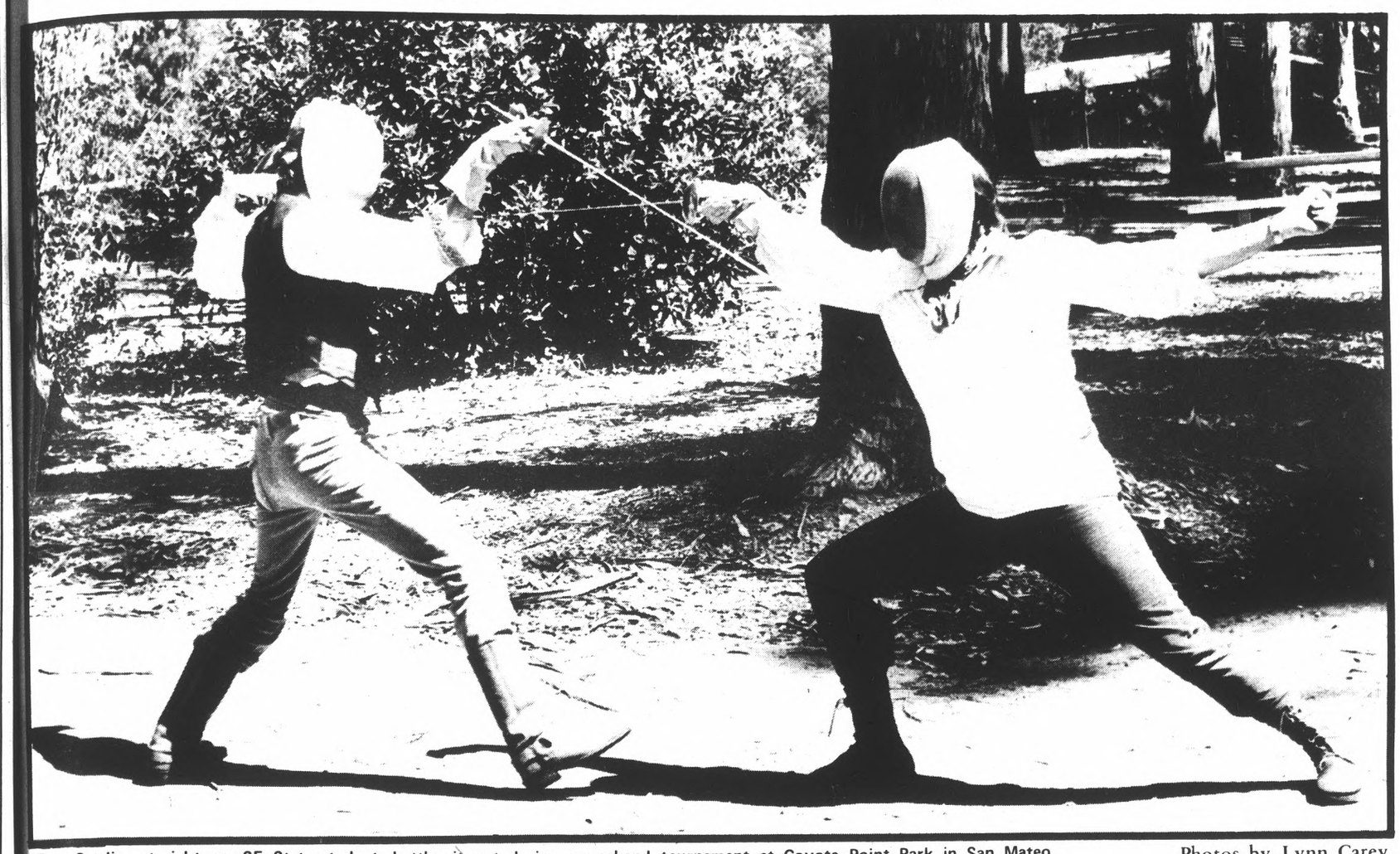
"You ever heard of Darwin? Only the fittest will survive here, and sometimes we compete for the same girls."



Centerfold

PHOENIX
San Francisco State University
Thursday, April 20, 1978
Volume 6, Number 4

A new kingdom revives Camelot



Tom Catalin, at right, an SF State student, battles it out during a weekend tournament at Coyote Point Park in San Mateo. Photos by Lynn Carey

by Merrilee Morrow

Heaps of battered armor litter the ground. A shield painted with a family coat of arms lies against an ancient Eucalyptus tree, waiting to be taken onto the field of honor. The knight, sensing the austere task fronting him, prepares for battle. He methodically dons layers of padding, secures shin and neck guards, adjusts his helmet. With sword and shield in hand, he is ready. But something is amiss. The knight is wearing Adidas tennis shoes.

Welcome to the current Middle Ages where computer programmers, housewives and college students sharpen up their chivalry and become part of a resurgence of early culture known as the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA).

"An anachronism," says Lord Kristjan Olavessen Ankestjerne, in an article on the society, "is a tradition which has outlived its original purpose, but which survives just because it's a lot of fun. That's probably the best description of our group . . . For some it's a means of serious research into medieval culture, by trying to re-learn the skills, knowledge and lifestyle of our ancestors. For others it's a hobby, a way of relaxing after a normal ("mundane") day and an excuse to pursue interests and crafts they never found time for before. For many of us, it's the most interesting, continuous costume party we've ever been to."

The SCA began in Berkeley as a sort of medieval tournament/going away party for a woman joining the Peace Corps. Most chapters grew up around college campuses where people were interested in early culture, says Sharon Green, ten-year member. With about 3,000 national members, the organization seems to rely on word of mouth to attract new members. With out advertisement, the society has grown over the last 12 years into an international nonprofit corporation with five kingdoms in the U.S. and branches in Germany and Scotland, claims Green.

Members pay a dues of ten dollars a year and recieve the society's quarterly magazine, *Tournaments Illuminated.*

The society has a hand-to-mouth existence, says Green, because they have little money. The central office in Los Angeles is unable to handle a large influx of new members, and there is no budget for advertising.

The magazine and the regional newsletters are the only formal communication members have with each other about tournaments (a medieval picnic complete with modified combat), revels (party time back at the castle) and mini-universities (where members learn the fine points of courtly manners, lute playing and costuming).

The SCA doesn't hold regular meetings, but both members and onlookers show up at the free public tournaments. In the Bay Area, enough people went to the last coronation festival to fill the Richmond Civic Auditorium.

The next big event, a coronation, will be held on April 28-29 in the Chabot Regional Park.

The SCA has grown quickly because "it's a good group for building solid relationships with other people," says Green, who teaches English at Merritt College. "People in the society have a need for other people and the fact that you're appreciated is very satisfying."

Her specialty is writing old English poetry.

"If you're 10 years old, as my son is, and you make really good brownies and all of a sudden the king makes you the official brownie maker, that's really neat.

"If you're 60 years old and a retired master machinist, as one of our people is, with a great deal of experience as a boy scout troop leader, then you are a source of information for people who are camping at an overnight tournament and don't know much about what they're doing.

Medieval culture abounds in the Green's home, with paintings of elegantly dressed women, a replica of a medieval kite and a family

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

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Page 13

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Fourteen Pages

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Studies, 104 fulfill General Studies requirements. Yet no one from Ethnic Studies was asked to represent the school on the council.

"We have requested that Ethnic Studies be part of the council," said Phillip McGee, acting Black Studies chairman. "General Studies requirements are going to be changed and our input hasn't been invited."

About 2,500 students are enrolled in Ethnic Studies courses this semester. Third World students constitute 38 percent of SF State's total enrollment of 24,035.

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

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university in the CSUC system with elections in December.

If the amendment passes, Lukaris said he will serve a third semester as AS president.

"I'm not upset by the fact that I may be the president for another six months," he said. "I wouldn't be here if I didn't enjoy the job."

Asked if he would consider running again if the amendment is approved, he said, "Unequivocally no. I can't keep putting off my BA to play president."

Lukaris said he decided to propose the amendment when he learned the AS legislature was planning a special election to fill three legislature vacancies.

"There isn't any point in spending thousands of dollars to set up another special election," he said.

Legislator Aime Friedman said an additional semester of work may cause a number of people in student government to "get bored, lose interest and not come to meetings."

"There will probably be a few resignations," she added.

The only major voice of opposition to the constitutional revision has come from the Committee Against the Reelection of the President (CARP).

Fliers distributed by CARP call the proposed amendment a self-serving attempt to "put off the student's vote another six months."

...s mellows

...ge. Stay out ...es. Stay out ...of the way of the roadies. It's all worth it, though, to be almost in the spotlight as it dips across the stage.

When The Jam's set ends, all the punks and scene groupies get together to decide on the evening's party prospects.

The media is invited to a private "punks and pinball" party at The Machine Shop on Broadway, hosted by The Jam and Polydor Records.

"Hey everybody," shouts Johnathan Postal, lead singer of the Readymade. "Come to the Mabuhay (SF's only punk rock night club). We're playing at 1 a.m. Good party."

One member of the backstage group seems bored by the goings-on as he heads for the door. His faded cords and workshirt are ironically conspicuous amidst the satin pants and mascara eyes.

Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship, a founding father of San Francisco rock and roll, just came to check out the band.

Just to check out the band.

Photo by Gordon Whiting

Punk rockers "greased for the occasion."

...ion space should be ...stu... allocated. "More space on campus for student organizations' offices and services: SAC Chairwoman Kathy

Police search for Verducci arsonist

by David Peterson

Residents of Verducci Hall have become all too familiar recently with the smell of smoke and the blare of fire alarms in the hallways. Tuesday's minor blaze in an upper floor broom closet was the most recent of at least five fires in Verducci within the past two weeks.

The first was on the evening of April 14, when a former employee of the dorm janitorial staff allegedly attempted to set fire to the custodial manager's room.

The suspect reportedly slid a flaming note-pad under the manager's door. The pad burned to the edge of the door before going out. The manager was in the room at the time. Damage was not serious, the door being only slightly charred.

"As far as we're concerned," said University Police Chief Jon Schorle, "that was a clear-cut arson attempt and we're handling it as such."

Schorle said that a suspect was quickly identified. "We have been in contact with the District Attorney's office and we are going to prosecute the case," he said. He declined to release the suspect's name, pending the issuance of an arrest warrant.

On April 17, dorm residents were treated to the spectacle of a flaming grocery cart falling 15 floors and crashing to the ground outside the building. Apparently, someone hauled the cart to the roof and, after filling it with gasoline-soaked paper, threw it off.

Although concerned about the affects of 35 pounds of flaming wire landing on someone's head, campus police are treating the incident more as a prank than a serious attempt to set something on fire.

But they consider the April 19 elevator fire a far more serious matter.

Waiting to return to his 12th floor room, student Raymond Uribe was among the first to discover the fire. When the doors opened in the lobby, smoke billowed out and Uribe saw "a pretty big fire going in there."

Several students dumped trash on the fire in an unsuccessful attempt to smother the flames. Uribe then emptied one of the trash cans and used the base to stamp out the fire.

Campus police were called and they, in turn, notified the fire department.

"We're real lucky the elevator didn't stay closed for a long time," said Uribe. "If it had gone for even a few more minutes, it would have been really bad. As it was, the elevator itself

Continued on Page 8, Column 2

The walls sweat at Winterland. They sweat so much it oozes onto the floor. Sawdust must be tossed around to prevent falls.

This is the home of rock and roll. It's dirty, dank, and decrepit. But rock music is music from hell and desires no illusions of comfort. No plushly carpeted mezzanines. No loge seats.

So when punk rock erupted from the abyss, Winterland was waiting.

"When the Sex Pistols were here you couldn't breathe backstage for all the people," said a rock writer at the recent Winterland premiere of The Jam, a British punk group.

"The Avengers (a local band) started a fight with the catered food. It was like a Three Stooges movie — fists and food were flying everywhere," he said.

The backstage scene at The Jam concert was more sedate. Compared to the stories one hears about the destructive insanity of punk rockers, the atmosphere was downright middle-class cocktail party.

Yes, things have changed since the Sex Pistols. Punk rock isn't even called punk rock anymore. It's "New Wave" rock. The Jam don't wear shredded wheat T-shirts or safety pins in their eyelids, ears, and noses. Instead they wear 60s suits and ties and look more like busboys than rockers.

It's the media and the fans that have held onto the costumes and hype. The bands come to play, not to spit.

But you wouldn't know it from the music scene vultures at the backstage party.

The women wear pants so tight, they're not only painted on, but painted from the inside out. Their faces are powdered to the hue of typing paper. Their lips are polished to flash like a stop light.

So why do rock writers and disc jockeys sell their souls for backstage passes just to stand near a bunch of weirdos?

For one thing, the writers and DJs are usually weirdos themselves. But the big prize is just being backstage. To be a part of Winterland's backstage culture is to be *relevant* — a vital cog in the machinery of rock and roll.

"Hey," says a freelance writer, staggering over to a local rock magazine editor.

"Gaba Gaba," says the editor.

"Nice button," says the writer, fingering an Iggy Pop publicity badge on the editor's lapel.

"Uh-huh," says the editor.

"Got a Blue Oyster Cult jacket from Columbia records," continues the writer, "really nice."

"Traded mine for an album," says the editor. "Record company hype doesn't mean much to me."

"Yeah," says the writer, suddenly looking off into the fourth dimension.

A DJ from KMEL is so wasted that a train of aspiring wasteds follow her erratic footsteps all around the room. When she slumps, they slump. When she teeters, they totter.

"I don't know why I can never pick up women here," says a veteran rock writer. "Their actions say bedroom, but their mouths only give phone numbers."

"Hey," someone shouts, "The Jam is on stage."

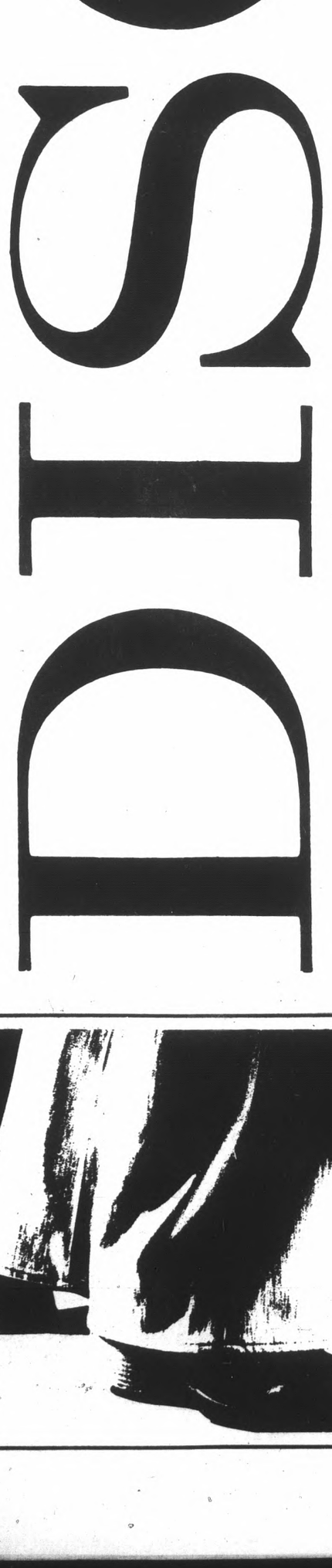
The scene vultures and other riffraff file into a darkened viewing room behind the stage. The privileged media are allowed on stage with the band.

"Stay out of their way," yells one of Bill Graham's stage managers. "These limeys are crazy.

"And watch out for their road manager," he adds. "The guy happens to be the drummer's father."

BACKWORD

A dose of the City's hottest dancing spots



Following the
In search of

by Robert Rubino

Probably more than any other major art form, opera contains the most unique set of absurdities.

Consider opera's unlikely components: music usually at least 100 years old; a libretto (story) a lot older than a mere century; middle-aged and frequently unattractive singers with minimal acting ability often portraying doomed teen-age lovers; backdrops of scenery that are very obviously scenery; a pick-up orchestra of professionals who are nonetheless mostly symphony washouts; the entire thing done in a foreign language. And last but not least, only those with the choicest seats get a clear view of the stage.

To the non-opera buff, it's difficult to understand opera's popularity. Despite what seems like drawbacks opera has transcended mere popularity and is now firmly entrenched in the realm of madness.

As testimony to this madness, consider these tidbits:

Tickets to the short, four-opera "minor league" spring season, currently in full swing at the Curran Theater, average $44 and are sold out months in advance.

As much as 24 hours before each performance, a thousand people stand in line for the 300 available standing-room tickets offered at $3.50 each.

Many of the standees are persons who are seeing a particular opera for the second, third, or even fourth time. And it is not rare for some of the standees to be wealthy patrons who have already seen a particular opera from a front-row vantage point the previous evening.

San Francisco Opera ticket manager Margaret Martin reports the fall "major league" opera season (where some tickets go for $90) is already 101 percent sold out. More tickets have been sold than there are seats to protect against "no-shows."

Tower Records and Odyssey Records on both sides of the Bay report a continuing rise in opera recording sales, with the average cost of an opera album at $17.99.

Hard-core opera fans think nothing of seeing every performance of the San Francisco season – a total of 50.

Amid this madness, who is the maddest of them all? A strong candidate for that honor is Michael Barclay, 36, an opera analyst, writer, lecturer, tour guide, and self-described "certified loon."

Barclay sees 150 opera performances a year. He has seen more than 2,000 operas in his life, including annual treks to New York where he usually sees nine performances in seven days, and yearly visits to Austria, Germany and Italy where he usually sees 87 performances in a 90-day period. His personal collection of recorded opera performances numbers 2,500.

Approaching Barclay's spacious home in the bucolic hills of Kensington, north of Berkeley, the visitor hears the improbable blending of three vocal efforts. The robust voice of Maria Callas booms from the stereo with *La Traviata* while the family parrot cheerfully and harmoniously joins in, and even the cries of the Barclays' infant daughter seems to rhythmically match the singing.

"Opera is vocal literature," Barclay says. "It's the most powerful art form because the human voice is the most expressive instrument at our disposal." He appears on this rainy Saturday morning to be a man more than slightly possessed. His eyes are wide, his closely cropped beard bristles, his short dark brown hair is brushed back almost shockingly, and his verbosity is nearly unstoppable as he talks, and talks and talks about opera for three hours, rarely coming up for air. His socks have holes in the toes and heels.

The visitor bashfully admits he has seen only one opera, a televised production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* from the New York Metropolitan Opera. The visitor plows ahead, informing Barclay that he found *Don Giovanni* sexist, unnecessarily violent, and completely unbelievable.

In a nutshell, the libretto focuses on the legendary Don Juan, a man obsessed with conquering women and keeping a log of the conquests; a man who treats everyone as inferiors, a man who doesn't hesitate to kill anyone who dares challenge the opprobrium of his lust. The women are portrayed as mindless sex objects unable or unwilling to say no to Don Giovanni.

"Almost all opera is obsessed with sex," Barclay says. "Opera goes after the gut, not the brain. Don Giovanni is the classic anti-hero. He is this sexually potent, debased nobleman without kindness and void of humanity. But if it's done correctly the character remains utterly charming through it all, able to present himself as incredibly fascinating.

"And you know," Barclay continues, "there are different ways of looking at that particular opera. All the Don's conquests are off-stage; there's always the theory that he's more a bragger than a seducer. And it's a very moral tale, considering he ends up in hell."

Barclay has several sources of income, all of them connected in some way with opera.

He teaches a wide range of opera appreciation courses in his home, some for the novice, others for the bona fide fanatic, and gives all sorts of lectures for those who fall somewhere between those two extremes. A normal workday for Barclay is 16 hours and includes listening to, reading, teaching, watching or writing about opera. Often, his lectures include Freudian interpretations of particular operas. The classes cost from $50 to $100, last from six to eight weeks, and include 10 to 15 people, most of whom are 30 to 40-year-old middle-class couples.

He also organizes and conducts opera tours to New York and Europe where the average cost is $165 per day, exclusive of travel expense. The tours consist mostly of wealthy, widowed women between 65 and 70 years old, but last summer's tour featured an age range of 16 to 85. Virtually everyone who signs up for the lectures and the tours are people who are committed to the pursuit and study of opera.

In addition to those activities, Barclay has taped all his lectures on cassettes and is successfully selling them to people all over the world. Years ago, he taught himself to read and speak German and Italian fluently.

And, lest boredom sneaks in somewhere

CENTERFOLD-PAGE TWO

according to owner Stu Goldberg.

New equipment being installed includes a new disco sound booth and speakers, 12 ellipsoidal spotlights, three spinners, a rainbow strobe light, 12 raceways. All of the electronic paraphernalia is designed to spur the people on the floor to dance faster, longer and better – pumping them up for an explosive rush from pounding music and flashing lights.

Goldberg credits *Saturday Night Fever* with stirring up San Francisco's disco craze, pointing out that dance lessons offered at his club have tripled since the movie came out. "It created a tremendous resurgence as far as interest in dance goes. Nobody's inhibited when it comes to kissing and hugging, but when it comes to music they say, 'I can't do that.' After seeing the movie, they think, 'I can do that.' "

A vivacious woman who has been taking disco lessons at D.Y.A.O. for the last month put it another way. "Dancing gives me the freedom to move with an arrogancy – to act cocky and sexy at the same time."

The dark haired telephone operator says she goes "disco-ing" every weekend and sometimes during the week, usually with other girlfriends. "If the guy dances good, you don't care what he looks like. Besides, if

tightly wrapped around her. "I like to dance, she admits, "but mostly I like to hustle and be hustled. If you're gonna be a good girl, don't come to the city."

San Francisco, she explains, is "looser and less pretentious. Across the Bay, men take a little longer to pick you up – they'll buy you drinks first and talk. Here they get right to it real quick: it's 'you wanna do it or not.' " She turns back to scanning the crowded room speculatively.

A square jawed USF student sporting a John Travolta haircut is blunt about what he wants. "I'm trying to pick up about a size eight to seven-and-a-half. Though I will go down to a size seven," he grins, twisting his mouth into a macho sneer.

He offers another bit of enlightening information, pointing at two friends he is standing with. "We're not friends when we go to discos. Why? Well, you ever heard of Darwin? Well, only the fittest will survive here, and sometimes we compete for the same girls." *Stayin' Alive* blasts out and he walks off with a 5'4" woman who asks him to dance with a flashing smile.

Diane Keaton's face might pop up at Eppaminondas. Apparently the Latin Hustle isn't the only kind of hustle going on at some discos. A gray suited suited stockbroker explained, "Guys go into a bar for women. In a disco you don't need liquid courage to approach a girl. Dancing is the perfect medium to meet people."

"This place is really alive," another dancer says emphatically. The dance floor is alive with dancers expressing their libidos. The floor is so crowded that bodies can only twist rhythmically.

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An androgynous crowd swirls on the floor, men with men, women with women and women with men. Apparently there is too much space on the floor. According to one patron, "at this other place I go to, Alfie's, it's more crowded, hotter and the music is louder. It gives you more of a drive to dance."

"The more sweating bodies, the better," his partner adds. "When you're out there in the middle of a jam dancing, you feel on top of the world."

not and sultry night like this, when its too hot to touch your lover . . . "

Several dancing men wield large silver fans, swooping them open and shut over their heads in graceful rhythm with the music. Others cool themselves with palmetto leaf fans.

When the song crescendos into a Puerto Rican drumbeat, some of the crowd on the dance floor emit jungle noises, it is easy to imagine macaws flying overhead and orangutans hiding in the palm trees.

Sweat drips off faces and bare torsos; many men have removed their shirts, tucking them in their back pants pockets.

The sickly sweet smell of amyl nitrate mingles with perspiration scented bodies. Some dancers seem to have been on the floor for hours, their boundless energy not coming from the urgent music, but silver vials of poppers lifted to nostrils.

"Trocadero is like a marathon," a man in mock army fatigues says, moving restlessly. "I like to go about once or twice a month and just dance my brains out." His left eyelid twitches, and he says "When you're dancing you don't have to think, just let yourself drown in the music, your mind is blocked out, it's just the beat and your body."

Another dance addict explained, "It's a chance to let loose from daily structures, letting your body fly. You're suspended in time; you forget if you've been out on the dance floor for two minutes or two hours."

Strobe lights flash on, illuminating a mass of bodies caught in spasmodic motion. One man down on his knees weaves seductively to his partner's lower torso. Two punk rockers let loose their shoving dance of sadistic mockery, the man pushing his female partner roughly to the ground. Trocadero is the height of the bizarre disco scene, where no one pays attention to other's absurdities acted out on the dance floor.

Disco fever seems to be raging throughout the city, with different motivations for every participant. But whether the discoers are dancing to show off, strut their stuff, or just exercise, it seems to have a cathartic effect on most.

Dancers consistently say that dancing is "a release" and "it's an outlet." Restless energy is spent on the dance floor.

So the music pounds louder and louder, and the people move faster and faster until they're blasted into an oblivion of motion and noise – at least for a few minutes.

e peratic lifestyle:

of e perfect aria

Photos courtesy of the San Francisco Opera Company. From left to right: Maria Parazzini in *Aida*. Cesare Siepi in *Don Giovanni*.

Barclay has recently joined the staff of American Record Guide, a prestigious record review journal, as an opera discographer.

Barclay has always maintained a workaholic life style, but it wasn't until a few years ago that the rewards became lucrative.

He was born and raised in the lower middle-class neighborhood of Queens in New York City. Asked what he wished for on his 10th birthday, young Barclay surprised his parents by saying "I want to see an opera." He had heard opera on radio and had been captivated by it.

He felt alienated during his years at Stuyversant public high school because he couldn't convince anyone to go to the opera with him. One of his high school friends, James Conlon, was particularly adamant about not accompanying Barclay.

"Today," Barclay says, "Conlon is a conductor at the Met. He couldn't be dragged there when we were teenagers."

Barclay majored in art history and English at Queens College, minored in education and graduated in the top one percent of his class. For five years he was a high school English teacher in New York, and was happy, but the emotional and controversial 1969 teachers strike in that city ended all that.

"I felt the teachers' union was acting from selfish, emotional motives. I felt they were deliberately causing racial conflict and inventing anti-Semetic issues," he says. "I loved teaching and I loved my students. I didn't want to be out on strike, so I crossed the picket lines. It wasn't worth it. The harrassment was unbelievable. A cross was burned in front of my house, there were threatening phone calls, people stopped talking to me."

Barclay and his wife, Carol, moved to California when Michael won a Ford Foundation Fellowship to attend UC Berkeley's English graduate program.

Not long after his arrival in Berkeley, a friend alerted Barclay to a job opening at *The Daily Californian* newspaper as music reviewer.

"I convinced them to let me do only opera reviews," Barclay says. "No way was I going to spend my time covering Susy Smith's piano recital."

Barclay wrote opera reviews at *The Daily Cal* for two years. His reviews contained just the right mixture of knowledge and controversy.

"Being a critic is the vainest of jobs," Barclay says. "I don't like to admit to luck but I was lucky. People were reading what I wrote about opera, and better than that, they were responding. I was getting more mail than the rest of the paper combined. A lot of it was hate mail, but that was all right too."

He began a curious habit at this time that was to pay off years later. He recorded the names and addresses of everyone who sent him a letter in response to his opera commentaries.

In 1971, KPFA employed Barclay as an opera commentator and soon after that, the *Berkeley Gazette* hired him to write a twice weekly opera column. All the while Barclay was earning his masters in English and was about to begin his dissertation for a doctorate. And all the while, too, he kept recording the names and addresses of persons who sent letters.

When Sandra Baker, an SF State student, wrote Barclay a letter in 1975 asking for a list of books that would offer her knowledgeable background for the appreciation of opera, Barclay was stuck.

"All the books I knew of on opera were boring and pedantic," he says. "Then Carol suggested I offer a course in opera appreciation."

Barclay designed a course and sent out announcements to the 850 people who had written in response to his opera critiques during the previous years. He also took out ads in newspapers.

Twelve people responded, and the process has now blossomed into a lucrative, full-time hobby. Ten of the original 12 students still take courses from him.

Barclay rarely sees a film and almost never reads newspapers. He believes that there hasn't been a worthwhile writer since James Joyce, and he dislikes straight dramatic theater.

"When I was in London last summer," he says, "I walked out of five plays in one week. I even walked out on Olivier. In straight drama, the emotion is repressed. In straight drama, the pitch of its emotion is only opera's starting point."

From an outsider's perspective, the Barclays – mad as they may be – seem to have an unusually idyllic marriage. They have been married 14 years and remained childless until 16 months ago. Carol, who has been an opera fanatic as long as her husband, accompanied him to all the opera performances throughout the years – except one.

"We were in Europe, in the midst of one of those 90-operas-in-90-days tours," Barclay says. "I heard there was a marionette show in a nearby town . . . they were doing The Barber of Seville with puppets. I had to go . . . it was the only opera Carol declined to see."

Before their daughter arrived, the Barclays had several cats, an iguana, a turtle, a snake and the parrot. All but the latter have gone since they ". . . decided it was time for the real thing."

Barclay's passion for opera seems to know no boundaries. "Opera offers romanticism unlike anything else.

"I can never get enough opera," he said. "And I can never be too close at a performance. I love to see the spit fly."

Nevertheless, this passion is not an all-consuming one. He is also a daytime television aficionado, having observed Love of Life for 26 years.

"It's very relaxing to watch soap operas while I'm working during the day," Barclay says.

And what is Barclay's fantasy-ambition? Stage director at the Met? *New York Times* opera critic?

"I wouldn't mind those jobs," Barclay says. "But I'd really like to be *TV Guide's* reviewer. I really do love television. I would love watching shows all the time, taping programs and viewing them later . . . writing about television . . . it would be marvelous."

In an era of opera madness, Michael Barclay may indeed be the maddest of them all.

CENTERFOLD-PAGE THREE

Police search for Verducci arsonist

by David Peterson

Residents of Verducci Hall have become all too familiar recently with the smell of smoke and the blare of fire alarms in the hallways. Tuesday's minor blaze in an upper floor broom closet was the most recent of at least five fires in Verducci within the past two weeks.

The first was on the evening of April 14, when a former employee of the dorm janitorial staff allegedly attempted to set fire to the custodial manager's room.

The suspect reportedly slid a flaming note-pad under the manager's door. The pad burned to the edge of the door before going out. The manager was in the room at the time. Damage was not serious, the door being only slightly charred.

"As far as we're concerned," said University Police Chief Jon Schorle, "that was a clear-cut arson attempt and we're handling it as such."

Schorle said that a suspect was quickly identified. "We have been in contact with the District Attorney's office and we are going to prosecute the case," he said. He declined to release the suspect's name, pending the issuance of an arrest warrant.

On April 17, dorm residents were treated to the spectacle of a flaming grocery cart falling 15 floors and crashing to the ground outside the building. Apparently, someone hauled the cart to the roof and, after filling it with gasoline-soaked paper, threw it off.

Although concerned about the affects of 35 pounds of flaming wire landing on someone's head, campus police are treating the incident more as a prank than a serious attempt to set something on fire.

But they consider the April 19 elevator fire a far more serious matter.

Waiting to return to his 12th floor room, student Raymond Uribe was among the first to discover the fire. When the doors opened in the lobby, smoke billowed out and Uribe saw "a pretty big fire going in there."

Several students dumped trash on the fire in an unsuccessful attempt to smother the flames. Uribe then emptied one of the trash cans and used the base to stamp out the fire.

Campus police were called and they, in turn, notified the fire department.

"We're real lucky the elevator didn't stay closed for a long time," said Uribe. "If it had gone for even a few more minutes, it would have been really bad. As it was, the elevator itself

Continued on Page 8, Column 2

allocated.

SAC Chairwoman Kathy "More space on campus for student organizations' offices and services:

The walls sweat at Winterland. They sweat so much it oozes onto the floor. Sawdust must be tossed around to prevent falls.

This is the home of rock and roll. It's dirty, dank, and decrepit. But rock music is music from hell and desires no illusions of comfort. No plushly carpeted mezzanines. No loge seats.

So when punk rock erupted from the abyss, Winterland was waiting.

"When the Sex Pistols were here you couldn't breathe backstage for all the people," said a rock writer at the recent Winterland premiere of The Jam, a British punk group.

"The Avengers (a local band) started a fight with the catered food. It was like a Three Stooges movie – fists and food were flying everywhere," he said.

The backstage scene at The Jam concert was more sedate. Compared to the stories one hears about the destructive insanity of punk rockers, the atmosphere was downright middle-class cocktail party.

Yes, things have changed since the Sex Pistols. Punk rock isn't even called punk rock anymore. It's "New Wave" rock. The Jam don't wear shredded wheat T-shirts or safety pins in their eyelids, ears, and noses. Instead they wear 60s suits and ties and look more like busboys than rockers.

It's the media and the fans that have held onto the costumes and hype. The bands come to play, not to spit.

But you wouldn't know it from the music scene vultures at the backstage party.

The women wear pants so tight, they're not only painted on, but painted from the inside out. Their faces are powdered to the hue of typing paper. Their lips are polished to flash like a stop light.

So why do rock writers and disc jockeys sell their souls for backstage passes just to stand near a bunch of weirdos?

For one thing, the writers and DJs are usually weirdos themselves. But the big prize is just being backstage. To be a part of Winterland's backstage culture is to be *relevant* – a vital cog in the machinery of rock and roll.

"Hey," says a freelance writer, staggering over to a local rock magazine editor.

"Gaba Gaba," says the editor.

"Nice button," says the writer, fingering an Iggy Pop publicity badge on the editor's lapel.

"Uh-huh," says the editor.

"Got a Blue Oyster Cult jacket from Columbia records," continues the writer, "really nice."

"Traded mine for an album," says the editor. "Record company hype doesn't mean much to me."

"Yeah," says the writer, suddenly looking off into the fourth dimension.

A DJ from KMEL is so wasted that a train of aspiring wasteds follow her erratic footsteps all around the room. When she slumps, they slump. When she teeters, they totter.

"I don't know why I can never pick up women here," says a veteran rock writer. "Their actions say bedroom, but their mouths only give phone numbers."

"Hey," someone shouts, "The Jam is on stage."

The scene vultures and other riffraff file into a darkened viewing room behind the stage. The privileged media are allowed on stage with the band.

"Stay out of their way," yells one of Bill Graham's stage managers. "These limeys are crazy.

"And watch out for their road manager," he adds. "The guy happens to be the drummer's father."

age. Stay out
nes. Stay out
of the way of the roadies. It's all worth it, though, to be almost in the spotlight as it dips across the stage.

When The Jam's set ends, all the punks and scene groupies get together to decide on the evening's party prospects.

The media is invited to a private "punks and pinball" party at The Machine Shop on Broadway, hosted by The Jam and Polydor Records.

"Hey everybody," shouts Johna-than Postal, lead singer of the Ready-made. "Come to the Mabuhay (SF's only punk rock night club). We're playing at 1 a.m. Good party."

One member of the backstage group seems bored by the goings-on as he heads for the door. His faded cords and workshirt are ironically conspicuous amidst the satin pants and mascara eyes.

Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship, a founding father of San Francisco rock and roll, just came to check out the band.

Just to check out the band.

Photo by Gordon Whiting

Punk rockers "greased for the occasion."

he grace of ballet and track

Page 13

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Fourteen Pages

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Studies, 104 fulfill General Studies requirements. Yet no one from Ethnic Studies was asked to represent the school on the council.

"We have requested that Ethnic Studies be part of the council," said Phillip McGee, acting Black Studies chairman. "General Studies requirements are going to be changed and our input hasn't been invited."

About 2,500 students are enrolled in Ethnic Studies courses this semester. Third World students constitute 38 percent of SF State's total enrollment of 24,035.

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

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university in the CSUC system with elections in December.

If the amendment passes, Lukaris said he will serve a third semester as AS president.

"I'm not upset by the fact that I may be the president for another six months," he said. "I wouldn't be here if I didn't enjoy the job."

Asked if he would consider running again if the amendment is approved, he said, "Unequivocally no. I can't keep putting off my BA to play president."

Lukaris said he decided to propose the amendment when he learned the AS legislature was planning a special election to fill three legislature vacancies.

"There isn't any point in spending thousands of dollars to set up another special election," he said.

Legislator Aime Friedman said an additional semester of work may cause a number of people in student government to "get bored, lose interest and not come to meetings."

"There will probably be a few resignations," she added.

The only major voice of opposition to the constitutional revision has come from the Committee Against the Reelection of the President (CARP).

Fliers distributed by CARP call the proposed amendment a self-serving attempt to "put off the student's vote another six months."

s mellows

BACKWORD

A dose of the City's hottest dancing spots

Weekend knights jousting with homemade armor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

coat of arms presented by the king to Green and her husband, Richard, a minister.

The society awards its members for work done for the betterment of the kingdom of the west, which includes the Bay Area.

The kingdom is ruled by King Terrence of Halliday, alias Terry Sproul, an engineering student at UC Berkeley. The king holds his title by right of arms, which means he fought off the competition (literally) at a crown tournament sword fight. The king rewards his hard-working members by appointing them to the hierarchy of the society, which includes heralds, the voice of the crown; the senschal, the king's right hand man; and the lord chancellor, the chief legal officer in the kingdom.

The aristocracy of the current Middle Ages comes to life on weekends at smaller tournaments held throughout the Bay Area. Many of these personas adopt medieval names based on a place (Michael of Moria), a personal characteristic (Jon the Silvertongue) or a symbolic title (Steorra of Aefen).

In Tom Catalin's case his name was chosen for him. He couldn't make up his mind on a title so he told people to call him Thomas for the interim. They did.

Sir Thomas for the Interim, a student at SF State entered a small tournament in San Mateo recently. The sword in his self-made scarlet holster stands out in stark contrast to the rest of Sir Thomas' piecemeal armor. He straps a piece of carpet over his left thigh. A mattress pad fashioned like long underwear comes next.

"I've got to put some padding on that bruise," says Sir Thomas, a husky fighter in his 20s. "It brings me down hastily and I'm not going to put up with that jive anymore. Falling on your face is embarrassing."

There's a good mix of medieval and 20th century culture at these smaller tournaments. Ornately painted shields lie next to ice chests full of Tab. Women in long flowing tunics sip wine from silver goblets while munching on chocolate chip cookies. Brave knights fight in tournaments but they are not always of the male variety. Several women also participate in the fighting on the same basis as men.

Before a person can enter the tournament, he must sign a waiver that exempts the SCA from any liability in case of injury. The person must also prove to the king and the earl marshall, who oversees the fighting, that he or she can participate without causing casualties. Medieval tournaments, like most contact sports, occasionally break a few bones.

The society holds practice sessions where knights in training can learn from more experienced fighters. Sir Thomas says practice is held in the Daly City BART station.

"We haven't asked (permission from) the BART officials because they'd probably say no," says Sir Thomas. "If the cops come we'll tell them we're practicing for Henry VIII." Since the station is centrally located, convenient and well lit, the members congregate at BART on Tuesday nights to practice. There in the parking garage, among bewildered commuters, the fighters learn to use the infamous rattan sword.

This wooden replica is used in hand-to-hand combat. Occasionally, at some of the larger tournaments, you might see some jousting, which requires considerable skill and special kinds of horses to support a knight and 70 pounds of armor forged from sheet metal.

Sir Thomas for the Interim dons the rest of his armor and learns who his opponent will be in the first round.

The marshall informs him that he must fight his grace, Duke James Greyhelm who has won the kingship of the west at least twice.

"I think I'm in trouble," says Sir Thomas. It doesn't seem possible that this tall, husky-looking fighter is concerned about a round with the rather slight Duke James, who is getting his waist-length hair braided for combat.

The match begins as the herald announces the fighters. "My lords," he says. "Salute the crown. salute one another. And for the honor of your ladies – go for it!"

The battle begins slowly. Each fighter eyes his opponent. They exchange insults. Some preliminary juts and taps with swords are made to test the agility of the fighters.

Suddenly Sir Thomas strikes a hard blow to the duke's shield. He returns the shot with a wack to Sir Thomas' helmet. The blows come fast and furiously as the crowd cheers them on. His grace finally scores a hit, one that would penetrate the armor if a real sword had been used.

Sir Thomas is now required to lose the use of his leg. He kneels on the grass and continues the fight. It's just a matter of time before his grace scores a "death."

The duke, alias Jim Early, says he wins tournaments because "I'm fast and I'm left-handed which throws off the fighters." To ke in shape, he runs, lefts weights and practices lot. In his spare time, the duke teaches jun and senior high math in Oakland. He also ma his own matched gray armor with a me sheeting.

Duke James Greyhelm, also known as high school teacher Jim Early, waits in full battle regalia with his wi

Queen Allissandra Olympia Martine de Constantine (alias April Kee presides over the tournament fightin The queen, in her early 20s, support Terrence when he entered the crown tou ment in January. When he won his kingship, gained her title.

She sits in a golden director's chair at t front of the field. She is decked out in a velvet skirt, black vest and white lace blou Her long, dark hair is drawn back by a wreath white flowers. Antique jewelry adorns her ne and hands. The queen enjoys her station in l

Her majesty is treated with all the pageant that befits her rank. All subjects bow in presence and make sure she is attended tournaments.

When asked about royal life the queen "It's the absolute living end. I am the sp child of a kingdom of 20,000. I go to as m tourneys as possible, I talk to as many peop possible, I look as pretty as possible . . ."

Everyday life was found to be "bo absolutely flat. No one understands m become obnoxious ordering people about."

The queen is a bridal consultant in her 2 century life.

The queen also presents awards for con that might include brick throwing, the lo letching contest in flirting or a supervised p fight called "twilzy wopping."

But even the queen gets to help clean up tournament grounds after the events are o Then it's back to the castle for a pot-luck re dancing of the Mon Shaft Pavon, a medieval r and more good company.

CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

DISCO

New equipment being installed includes a new disco sound booth and speakers, 12 ellipsoidal spotlights, three spinners, a rainbow strobe light, 12 raceways. All of the electronic paraphernalia is designed to spur the people on the floor to dance faster, longer and better – pumping them up for an explosive rush from pounding music and flashing lights.

Goldberg credits *Saturday Night Fever* with stirring up San Francisco's disco craze, pointing out that dance lessons offered at his club have tripled since the movie came out. "It created a tremendous resurgence as far as interest in dance goes. Nobody's inhibited when it comes to kissing and hugging, but when it comes to music they say, 'I can't do that.' After seeing the movie, they think, 'I can do that.' "

A vivacious woman who has been taking disco lessons at D.Y.A.O. for the last month put it another way. "Dancing gives me the freedom to move with an arrogancy – to act cocky and sexy at the same time."

The dark haired telephone operator says she goes "disco-ing" every weekend and sometimes during the week, usually with other girlfriends. "If the guy dances good, you don't care what he looks like. Besides, if admits, "but mostly I like to hustle and be hustled. If you're gonna be a good girl, don't come to the city."

San Francisco, she explains, is "looser and less pretentious. Across the Bay, men take a little longer to pick you up – they'll buy you drinks first and talk. Here they get right to it real quick: it's 'you wanna do it or not.' " She turns back to scanning the crowded room speculatively.

A square jawed USF student sporting a John Travolta haircut is blunt about what he wants. "I'm trying to pick up about a size eight to seven-and-a-half. Though I will go down to a size seven," he grins, twisting his mouth into a macho sneer.

He offers another bit of enlightening information, pointing at two friends he is standing with. "We're not friends when we go to discos. Why? Well, you ever heard of Darwin? Well, only the fittest will survive here, and sometimes we compete for the same girls." *Stayin' Alive* blasts out and he walks off with a 5'4" woman who asks him to dance with a flashing smile.

Diane Keaton's face might pop up at Eppaminondas. Apparently the Latin Hustle isn't the only kind of hustle going on at some discos. A gray suited suited stockbroker explained, "Guys go into a bar for women. In a disco you don't need liquid courage to approach a girl. Dancing is the perfect medium to meet people."

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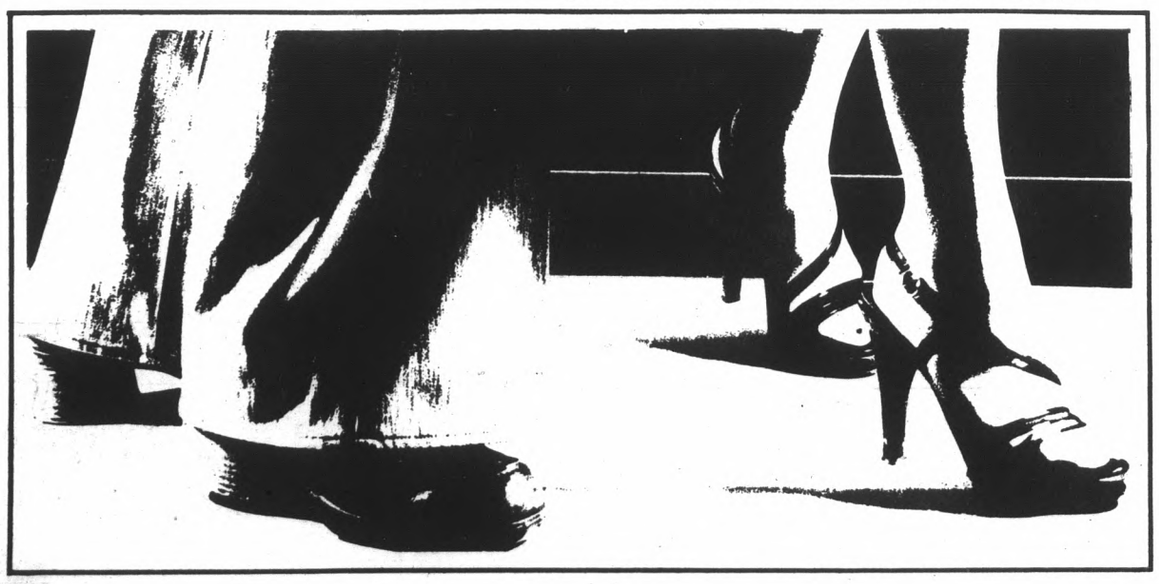
"The more sweating bodies, the better," his partner adds. "When you're out there in the middle of a jam dancing, you feel on top of the world."



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The sickly sweet smell of amyl nitrate mingles with perspiration scented bodies. Some dancers seem to have been on the floor for hours, their boundless energy not coming from the urgent music, but silver vials of poppers lifted to nostrils.

"Trocadero is like a marathon," a man in mock army fatigues says, moving restlessly. "I like to go about once or twice a month and just dance my brains out." His left eyelid twitches, and he says "When you're dancing you don't have to think, just let yourself drown in the music, your mind is blocked out, it's just the beat and your body."

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